



No. 69.—Vol. VI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS MARY MOORE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBROKE CRESCENT, W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. Seventeen undergraduates of Christ Church, Oxford, have been summarily sent down for smashing some 500 panes of glass. They had been dining at the Bullingdon Club.—An Engineering Laboratory at Cambridge was opened by Lord Kelvin.—It was stated at the Co-operative Congress at Sunderland that the number of members of co-operative societies had increased during the past year by nearly 60,000.—The funnel of the Lord of the Isles struck London Bridge and caused the steamer to collide with another boat. No one was hurt.—A gala performance (the 1000th) of "Mignon" was given in Paris. The Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred on the composer, M. Ambroise Thomas.—The Belgian Government is about to adopt a measure making penal the possession of explosives.—The Italian Government had a majority of thirty-six in the Chamber of Deputies on the question of the reduction of the War Office Estimates.—Spain's floating debt has increased by 172 millions of pesetas since the present Government took office, amounting now to 340 millions. In the Cortes, Señor Canovas del Castillo declared that if Great Britain attempted to seize Tangier it would lead to one of the most disastrous naval wars that humanity had ever known.

Wednesday. About 6000 London cabdrivers came out on strike. Like the miners, they demand a living wage, and the Union is very strong. During the day some 140 proprietors granted the terms demanded by the men.—A stormy scene occurred at the sitting of the Miners' Congress in Berlin, necessitating the suspension of the meeting for ten minutes. The difficulty was over the desire of Mr. Wilson, M.P., to preside. Finally, Mr. Wilson retired in favour of M. Lamendin.—Mr. Lockwood, speaking at York, said Mr. Goschen had tried to serve two masters, Liberal and Tory, and had signally failed.—A Liverpool printer was fined £40 for employing women on a Sunday.—A Vienna artist, Herr Franz Kollarz, and his three sisters committed suicide by drinking prussic acid. They had a morbid terror of one of them dying before the others.—M. Tricoupis inspected the town of Atalanti, which has been almost completely ruined by the earthquakes.

Thursday. The Queen reviewed about 12,000 troops at Aldershot.—The position with regard to the cab strike is unchanged. The number of men joining the Union has increased.—The Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England have issued a manifesto appealing to every Christian man to pause before voting for Welsh Disestablishment.—Prince Henry of Battenberg presided at the 156th Anniversary Festival Dinner in behalf of the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians, urging its claims in an interesting little speech.—A concert commemorating the completion of the seventieth year of the Royal Academy of Music was held in the Queen's Hall. A nautical overture, called "Britannia," composed expressly for the occasion by Dr. Mackenzie, was performed.—The Court of Common Council resolved to present the freedom of the City to Mr. George Williams, in recognition of his having, fifty years ago, founded the Young Men's Christian Association.—A new disease has appeared in the wheat crops of western France.—The writer of an article in the *Petit Journal Belge* branding the Shah of Persia as a murderer was tried at Brussels on the charge of having endangered the stability of the commercial relations between Belgium and Persia. He was acquitted.—The Miners' Congress at Berlin carried an eight-hours day resolution by seventy-six votes to ten.—The King of Spain completed his eighth year. The event was celebrated by a public holiday, and four sentences of death were commuted.

Friday. There were fewer cabs in the streets of London to-day than there have been since the strike began.—The Queen reviewed the 1st Yeomanry Brigade in Windsor Great Park this afternoon. In the evening she was present at the performance of Goldoni's comedy, "La Locandiera," by Signora Duse.—Two men who were convicted yesterday of having been guilty of creating the disturbance at the meeting which Lord Dudley tried to address recently at Bermondsey were fined £10 and £5 respectively.—The *Times* of to-day consists of 24 pages, or 144 columns, of which 82 are advertisements and 62 news. In the 105 years' existence of the paper, it is the fiftieth number which has reached this size, and the twelfth in which the advertisements have exceeded 80 columns.—The Miners' Congress at Berlin rejected a proposal to make employers responsible for all accidents occurring in mines.—The Servian Government has discovered at Belgrade a Radical conspiracy in favour of the pretender Karageorgevitch, the chief instigator being M. Pashitch, the ex-Minister of Servia to Russia.

Saturday. Gounod's "Faust" was performed before the Queen, who heard it for the first time, by the Covent Garden Opera Company at Windsor Castle. At Covent Garden itself Verdi "Falstaff" was produced with great success, for the first time in this country. At the Garrick Theatre "Money" was revived.—The Duke of York opened the new lock at Richmond.—A new P. and O. liner, the Caledonia, 8000 tons gross, was launched on the Clyde, being the largest vessel ever built on the lower reaches of the river.—The cabdrivers resolved to stop the privileged cab system at the railway stations.—A letter by Mr. Gladstone to Mgr. Farabulini is printed in a clerical organ in Rome, in which he laments the division of the

Irish Nationalists. "Why," he adds, "is an absolute mystery to their friends in Great Britain. I believe that the fault lies with the small group of Parnellites. Happy the man who could make it to cease!"—The new armoured train of the Sussex Artillery Volunteers was successfully tried at Newhaven before a distinguished company of military experts. At a preliminary banquet at Brighton, a trumpet call was given by Bandmaster Langfried, who sounded the charge at Balaclava.—The Miners' Congress at Berlin came to an end. The next congress is to be held in Paris.—A great gale has been experienced in America. On Lake Michigan seven vessels were driven ashore and six lives lost.—At Montana, twenty-five Coxeyites seized a train and started for Washington. The company obstructed the line and the train was thrown into a ditch.

Sunday. Mr. Edmund Yates died at four o'clock this morning in the Savoy Hotel. Last night he went to the Garrick Theatre to see the revival of "Money." In the course of the evening he felt ill, and succumbed as stated, death being due to failure of the heart's action. The son of "Old Yates," once lessee of the Adelphi, he was born in Edinburgh in 1831. In 1847 he entered the General Post Office, and stayed there until 1872, being for ten years head of the Missing Letter Department. It was not until 1852 that he obtained a recognised position on the Press, to which he had occasionally contributed from boyhood. He became connected with many journals, starting the *World* nearly twenty years ago. Two interesting events in his career were his expulsion from the Garrick Club for a candid personal description he wrote of Thackeray, and ten years ago he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant for a libel on the present head of the Lowther family. It is curious that another veteran journalist, M. Johnson, London correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, should have also died on Monday, the 14th, after being at the theatre—namely Covent Garden—where he saw "Marion Lescaut." He was buried yesterday.—The cabdrivers held a demonstration in Hyde Park, when it was determined to continue the struggle.

Monday. This was a great day in the history of Manchester, for the Queen opened the Ship Canal. The city was lavishly decorated for the occasion, and her Majesty got an enthusiastic reception. She embarked on the Enchantress at Trafford Wharf, and, sailing a short distance along the canal, declared it open. In the evening she left for Balmoral.—The Royal Naval Club dinner was held to celebrate her Majesty's birthday.—The Prince of Wales attended the dedication of the chapel erected at the Gordon Boys' Home in memory of the Duke of Clarence.—The Marquis of Ailesbury's son attained his majority.—Lord Coleridge was a trifle stronger, and his condition was quite satisfactory.—Émile Henri, the Anarchist, who caused the explosions at the Café du Terminus and in the Rue des Bons Enfants, Paris, was executed this morning. His last words were, "Long live Anarchy!" The six Anarchists who were convicted of the outrage in the theatre at Barcelona and the attack upon Marshal Campos were also executed this morning.—The Spanish Academy admitted among its members the greatest living playwright in Spain, Don José Echegaray, whose works have been staged in America, Italy, Germany, and Sweden.—A Canadian revenue-cutter, the Constance, coming upon a smuggling schooner, the Steadfast, on one of the great lakes, fired a shell, which passed through the Steadfast's decks. Her crew resisted the boarding officers from the cruiser, and a fight ensued, in which four men were wounded, two of whom are not expected to recover.

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"Wer'n't yer in trouble once, Drury Bill, somewhere up Bow Street way?"

Why, every coster visits the Beak, as every dog 'as 'is day!

No offence, but yer takes the street so rorty and looks so smart,

And yer've chucked the donah and moke, and sports a missus and Chingford cart.

Yer've allus a tanner or bob to pass, and yer regular rides to win, And yer've given up 'orrible swipes and stuff, 'cept the beer with the ginger in!"

"Well, I *was* in trouble, and that's the truth, and led the coppers a dance,

But I chucked it all 'cos the mission cove gave a fellow the 'one more chance.'

It 'appened like this: Maloney's wake, when the devil and drink got in, And the gals in feathers, they screeched the more as the youngsters chucked their tin,

When a long-legged cully he kissed my gal, and I landed him one in the jaw,

And then I got blind, till I woke that night in the arms of the bloomin' law!

'Twas a narsty morrow, with stairs in sight, and the jolly old Beak looked grim,

When up in the court stood the mission bloke, who inwited me 'ome with him.'

Begged me off for a first offence—she was sobbin', my red-haired Nance—

So I say, God's blessing on mission coves for givin' lads 'one more chance.'

CLEMENT SCOTT.

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THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"MARRIAGE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

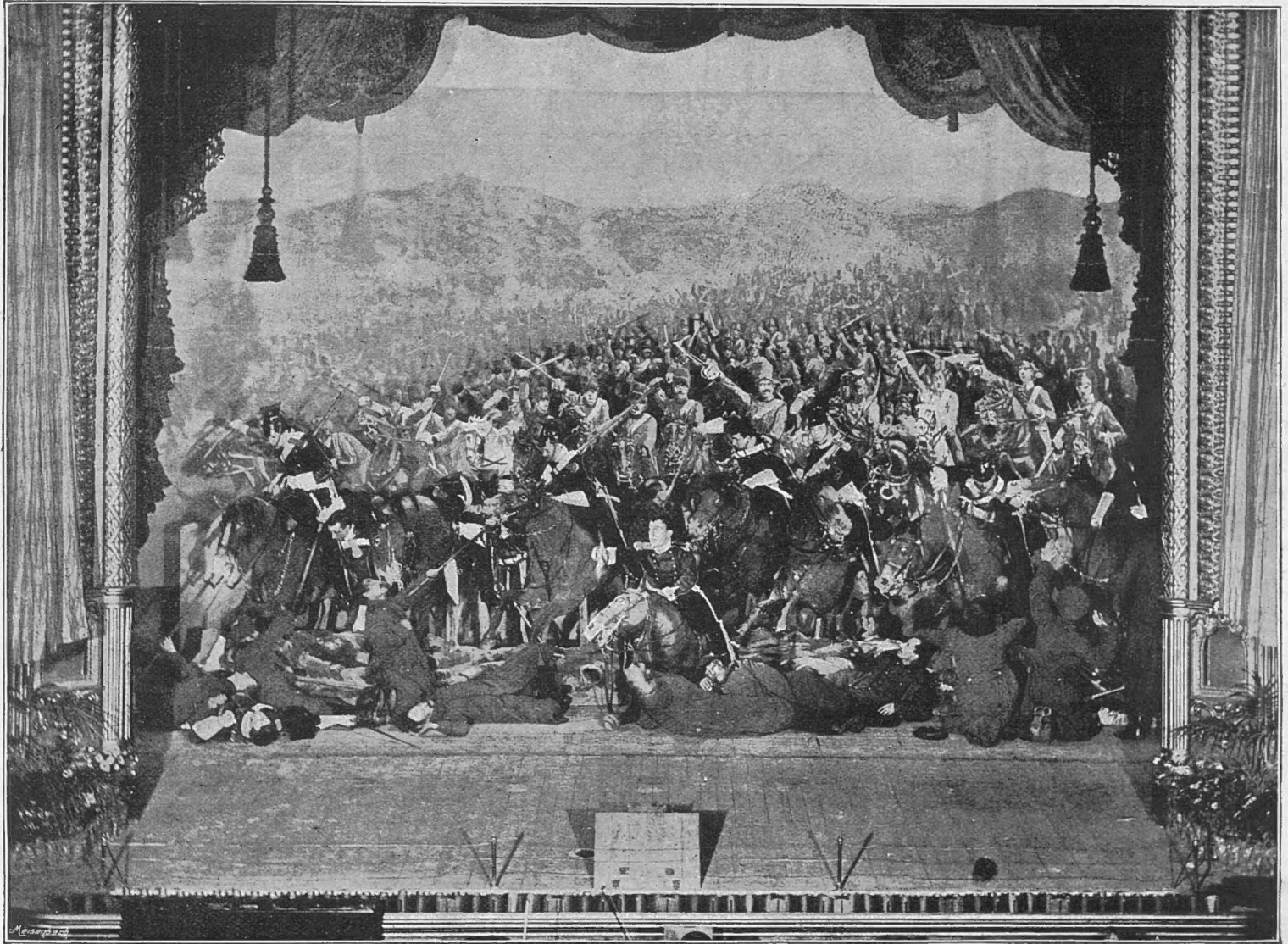
"It must be promptly or never," said Sir John Belton; "my mind's made up." "Very well," answered Mrs. Chumbleigh, "I accept, and we can be married on Tuesday." "That shall never be," called out Lady Belton; "never, never, never! I will find means to prevent it." "It is hardly possible," chimed in Sir Charles Jenks, the fashionable solicitor. "I will manage to stop it—I will go to my lawyers'. This letter"—and Lady Belton brandished a document—"will do it. I'll bring an action for breach of promise of marriage!"

Next day but one her lawyers issued a writ in the form of action that some misogynists are trying to abolish because they fail to understand that law is a preventive, not a cure. Now, Lady Belton and Sir John were man and wife, and Mrs. Chumbleigh had a husband alive.

It was a curious history. The parents of Sir John and the plaintiff in this strange suit had properties adjoining, and thought it would be

Even the fact that "the other woman" was married did not dull Lady Belton's jealousy or bring about peace, and in the end her Ladyship bounced out vowing she would set free the man she had wronged. She went to some solicitors and gave them *carte blanche* and open cheques: Sir John went abroad. The upshot of it was that false evidence was procured, and charges of cruelty and infidelity were established against the Baronet in his absence.

The day that the decree *nisi* should have been made absolute was spent by the unhappy respondent with Mrs. Chumbleigh, who supposed herself to be a widow, for her husband's death was said to have occurred in Africa. She set to work to win the Baronet and baronetcy, and, being one of the most plausible, soft-tongued, hypocritical, heartless creatures in the world, worked him up to proposal point; but ere he spoke Lady Belton, by accident, came upon the scene, and so, too, Chumbleigh, now Lord Powiseroft, disguised by a beard, and unrecognised by even his wife—his brother, not he, had died in Africa. After a stormy scene with Lady Belton, Sir John resolved that it was his duty to give her another chance; moreover, at the bottom of his heart he loved her. So he wrote the letter to his wife, offering to re-marry her; but Mrs. Chumbleigh



"BALACLAVA," AT THE PAVILION MUSIC-HALL.

Photo by The Willtons, Garlick Hill, E.C.

well that their children should unite their estates and lives. The girl, a wilful creature, would not have obeyed but that she found Sir John was courting an old enemy and schoolfellow of hers, and so married him to prevent the other woman from becoming Lady Belton. No sooner was the ring on her pretty finger than she saw the wickedness and folly of her rash act. Acting with curious logic and still more curious illogic, she left her husband at the church door.

Sir John consulted Sir Charles Jenks, of Chancery Place. "I want restitution of conjugal rights," said the fiery Baronet.

"Not a bit," replied the cold-blooded lawyer; "that only means money nowadays, and you've plenty of that."

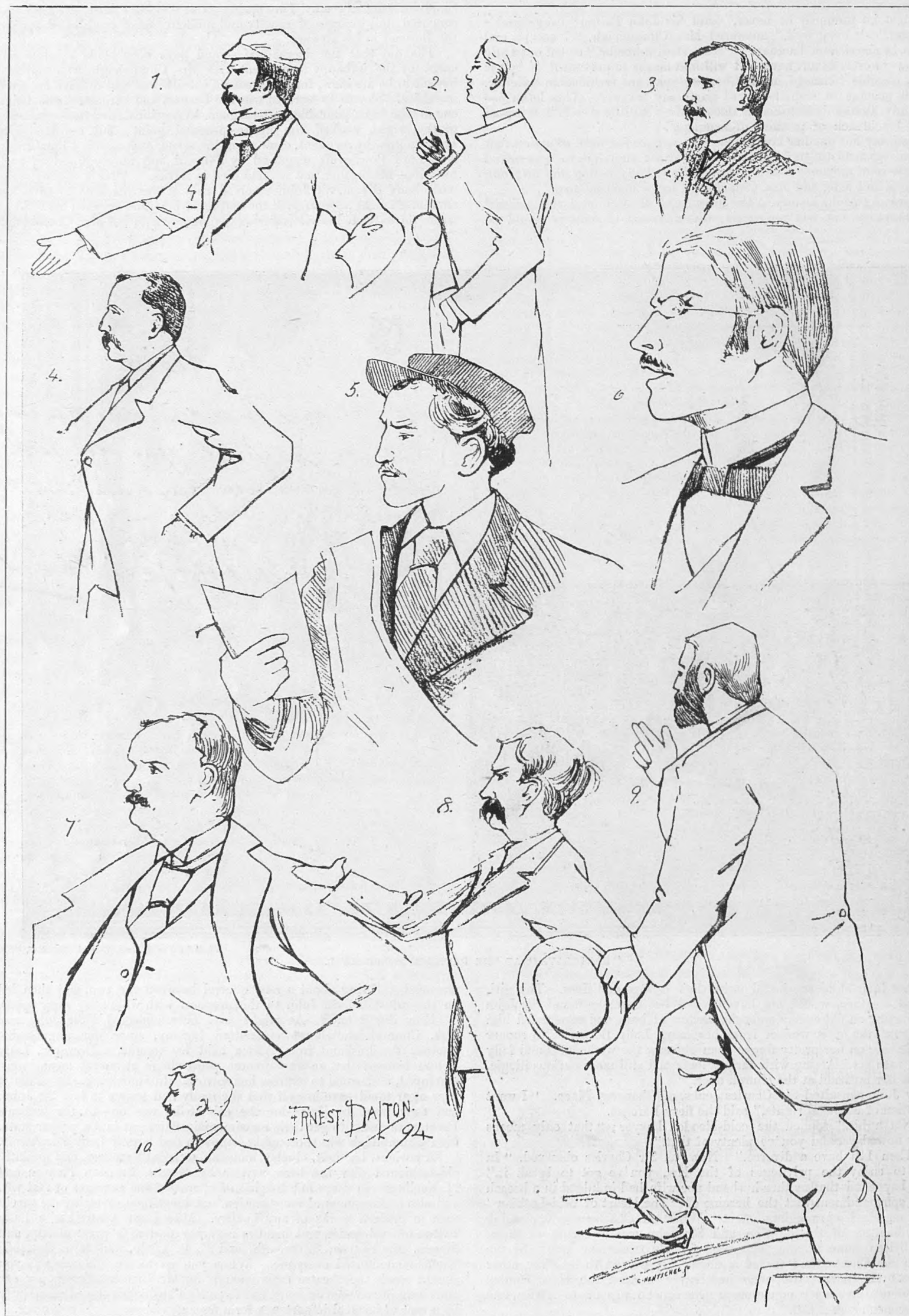
"Then I'll have a divorce." Now, as Sir Charles observed, "In order to enjoy the privileges of the law, you've got to break it," and it happened that neither husband nor wife had indulged in a breach of the commandment that the heroine of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" once quoted with prodigious effect. While Sir Charles was explaining the difficulties of the position and Sir John was swearing at them, Lady Belton came in, and there was a lively triangular duel. In the middle Sir Charles had to see a client. It proved to be "the other woman," the hated rival, who had lately married the Hon. Dudley Chumbleigh, an empty, equanimous person, who was off to Africa, and had come to make a will.

managed to bring about a new quarrel between the two, and then led on the infuriated Sir John to the proposal with which my story opens.

How did it end? As might have been expected. Sir John and Mrs. Chumbleigh almost committed bigamy, since, for unguessable reasons, the husband from Africa held his tongue. However, Lady Belton learned that in the divorce proceedings shameful means were employed, and came to express her sorrow. In confessing, she made it very clear to all save herself that she really had grown to love Sir John, and they went by 'bus—for the cab strike was on—to the Queen's Proctor, in order to get their matrimonial affairs put into a proper state. Mrs. Chumbleigh was thoroughly happy to find herself Lady Powiseroft.

A curious, brilliant, clumsy, amusing, satirically modern, and quaintly old-fashioned play has been written by Messrs. Brandon Thomas and H. Keeling. In it are fine touches of character and passages of real wit, and also a clumsiness of construction and ineptitude of technique rarely seen in modern works of any quality. Miss Lena Ashwell is a Lady Belton of real merit, and handles a trying part with great ability, and Messrs. Mackintosh, S. Brough, and C. P. Little, and Miss Gertrude Kingston delighted everyone. When you go to see "Marriage," you should reach the theatre early enough for Mr. Clement Scott's popular and charming one-act drama, "The Cape Mail," which is played excellently by a cast of unusual importance for a *lever de rideau*. MONOCLE.

SOME LEADERS OF THE CAB STRIKE.



1. MR. F. WHITE, President of the Cabdrivers' Union.
 3. MR. F. SIMMONS, Secretary of the Cabdrivers' Union.
 7. MR. EVERETT, Treasurer of the Cabdrivers' Union.
 8. MR. C. A. GIBSON, Chairman of the Busmen's Union.
 10. MR. A. G. MARKHAM, Secretary of the Busmen's Union.

2. MR. WILLMER.
 4. MR. W. C. STEADMAN, London County Council.
 5. MR. WILL SPROTT.
 6. MR. JOHN BEASLEY, London Trades Council.
 9. MR. SMITH.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

A REMINISCENCE.

In a little *salon*, at the Savoy Hotel, a fragile woman rose to greet me, with a face which looked tired and grey eyes which looked pathetic. A comical mouth and impertinent nose contradicted this pathos; but the permanent impression left by this *chanteuse fin-de-siècle* was that of a woman of absolute simplicity, with a nature easily pleased and easily wounded, a childish delight in details, and a mature knowledge of their significance.

For the curious, be it said that she was attired in a tea-gown of green velvet, trimmed with some old cream lace, that her hair was waved back from her brow, and gathered into a knot at the back of her head, and that she is the Yvette of the stage in private, a creature tragic one instant, amusing the next, but with every little gesture recalling her wonderful art, and every word she spoke asserting simplicity and artistic refinement.

"You want to interview me?" she said. "Oh, but please don't ask me my favourite flower or favourite perfume, I am so tired of that! Photographs? Oh, yes; come and choose one. How fond English people are of portraits!"

She was sorting them as if they had been a pack of cards, and I asked her as she did so if she would tell me some of her impressions of England.

"Oh, Madame!" she exclaimed. "*Mais comme c'est indiscret!* There is but one thing I can say—it is all *brouillard*, rien que ça. You think in a fog, talk in a fog, and live in a fog. Perhaps that is why your pretty English ladies wear such pale colours. As you never see the face of the sun, they wish to furnish some light.

"Now I must talk to you a little in English," she continued. "I am proud of my English, but I'm not learning much more here. All I learn is what I am not to say. In France we are always exclaiming '*Mon Dieu!*' but it seems one must not talk to the Deity here. I said '*My Gawd!*' the other day, and was instantly told it was very wrong. One cannot speak here, one cannot even sigh here, without being considered shocking.

"And my songs," she said, with a pretty appealing gesture of her hands, "they are realistic, just as your novels of the day are realistic,



Mdlle. GUILBERT.

Photo by Chalot, Paris.

nothing more. They are not coarse. I am careful to choose my songs of sentiment, like the songs of Heine, for my English audiences, and those dealing with the pathos of life, like '*Le Conscriit*.' For the rest, they are not naughty, but merely *un peu légère*. *Voilà tout!*

"The song," she added, "is at the mercy of the singer; in the

singer's mouth alone it is coarse or refined. I try to interpret mine in a way that is refined, *même les plus légères*."

She changed from a serious mood to a gay one, and cried, with a little laugh—

"Now I'm going to sing you an English song," and she began with a charm and an accent which are indescribable to sing "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

Imagine it from the lips of a Guilbert!

"Some day," she added, "who knows?—I may really sing an English ballad on the stage.

"What do I think of English audiences? What can I think but that they have been very kind to me. I have already had a proposal to go to America. They offered me £600 for six weeks. I have not yet decided if I shall accept. Talking of my songs, it would be difficult, would it not, to translate those by Aristide Bruant into anything resembling English poetry, although they would make most dramatic prose? Of course, some of my things are full of *argot*, but I try and make each word sound distinct and clear, so that my audience can easily understand.

"Now, don't you think I have chattered enough? You would like me to write something for you? Will a verse of '*Sur la Scène*' do?"

She sat down, and sang the lines as she wrote them—



2 Rue Portalis

Sur la Scène

Et même la succès n'est pas d'aux
 Ça ne rapporte que des jaloux
 On s'aime un peu comme chat
 Sur la Scène! chienne
 Yvette Guilbert

Then she turned round, and, holding out both hands, exclaimed, laughing, "*Ça coûte cinq francs!*"

C. S. C.

AN APPRECIATION.

Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert is not only a charming woman and a great artist, she is also a social problem. Some people would add that she is a social evil; this, however, is a matter for the judgment of the individual. She is, at any rate, an incarnation of the old, old question about the art of morality and the morality of art. Should we applaud her for the way in which she sings her songs, or should we hiss her for the impropriety of their character? *A bon chat bon rat*.

Before judging her, it is necessary to understand something of her career. She was employed to display upon her lithe and elegant figure the latest creations of a Parisian dressmaker, and, no doubt, many a costume was purchased off her back, so to speak, in the fond hope that it would look equally attractive when transferred to the shoulders of the customer. Beyond her fascinating figure, she had no external gifts, but *en revanche* a vast ambition and an extraordinary allowance of cynical sense, and she wished to give these scope on the stage. A dozen small engagements left her no nearer the summit of fame; the slavery of the boards was at least as bad as the slavery of the shop; indeed, if the song she has been singing at the Empire has aught of autobiography about it, "*Sur la Scène*" must have been very trying for her. She, therefore, sat herself down to solve the problem of her future. "I am not pretty," she said once to me; "I have not a good voice; it was therefore evident that my success could not be dependent upon the possession of either of these, which is equivalent to saying that no existing *rôle* would suit me, and that, therefore, if I were to be successful at all, it must be in a new one." The *rôle* she invented is the one in which she is now playing. She had the insight to see that the present age is tickled more by contrast than by anything else, and that the more sharp and audacious the contrast the more acute the tickling. Now, the Parisian public admires two things—the *grande dame* of the Faubourg and the intellectual indecency of the Boulevard. If anybody could combine the two, a great triumph was assured. So Yvette Guilbert determined to essay the difficult task, and the result has more than justified the perspicacity of her forecast. To begin with, she made herself a *grande dame*. The essence of good breeding is simplicity, therefore she became simple. She attired herself in an austere robe, cut in the straightest lines possible; she tied the pink ribbon of the *ingénue* round her waist; she drew on a pair of long black gloves; she combed her hair into a knot; she learned to eschew gesture; above all, she learned to speak French. This was half of her equipment.

For the other half she was dependent upon other people, but,

fortunately, upon people of whom Paris always furnishes an ample supply. To be quite frank, she desired some shocking songs. Very soon she had a dozen—very amusing, very modern, astoundingly improper. Thus equipped within and without, she faced the world afresh. Her triumph was overwhelming. The sentiments of the slum, combined with the mien of the *salon*, carried everything before them. A few weeks later she was able to decline an invitation to sing before the heir-apparent to the greatest throne in the world, because his terms were not high enough. The victory of contrast could not go further.

Such is the secret of Yvette Guilbert. Her appearance would do credit to a convent, her language would bring a blush to the Boul' Miché. Conventionality from a convict or blasphemy from a bishop would be in the line of her discovery. To this, however, she has added a very great art indeed. I ventured on one occasion to compliment her upon her French. "You are evidently not aware," she retorted, "that I am credited with *la plus belle diction de Paris*." She can express as much by the lift of an eyebrow as most actors can exhibit in a whole scene. A shrug of her shoulders—the shoulders that used to sell the five-thousand-franc costumes—keeps some sentiment before you for a fortnight. Of late she has taken to more liberal gesture—a fatal mistake. Other people can betray sentiments by gesture: it is her privilege to be more elegant without them. Her inarticulate sounds are a Volapük in themselves. Listen to the jargon she utters as English in her song of the governess who eats "rumpsteack et plumbouding." And, for my own part, I must say that I have never heard so much passion put into so few words as in some of her songs. I have seen a physical thrill run through a Paris music-hall audience like a wind across a wheat-field as she sang—

Il me caressait—fallait voir comme ;
C'était un gars, c'était un homme.

I shall never forget the intonation of that last line as long as I live. But, in spite of all her art, the effect of her singing must be diabolic, because of what she sings. She professes to be rendering only the life and feeling of the lower classes—to be a Zola of the music-hall. That is nonsense, invented for the benefit of her English critics. Mrs. Grundy, however, may be comforted by one reflection: hardly anybody in England will understand her. Her songs are not merely slang—they are not merely the slang of yesterday on the boulevards—they are the slang of to-morrow. And then the words are so chopped and so packed with passion that it is next to impossible for a foreigner to catch them. Therefore, perhaps, we may have the advantage of witnessing her art without experiencing the shock of her meaning. Of course, as soon as her fortune is quite amassed, she will buy a country house and become a *bourgeoise* again.

H. N.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS AS MRS. LESSINGHAM.

BETWEEN THE INNINGS.

I.—THE MAN WHO PLAYED FOR HIS COUNTY.

"A hundred and fifty runs will take some getting," said the Red-faced Man, as he returned from inspecting the pitch.

"Still," said the Honorary Member, "we ought to have done better. I always fancy," he continued, "that when a first-class bowler comes against us we treat him with too much respect."

"Talking about first-class cricketers," said the Red-faced Man, "did I ever tell you the story of the man who had played for his county? As a matter of fact, he had no more right to be considered a county player than I have—less, indeed, because if—"

"Yes, yes," said the Treasurer, soothingly.

"He came into the Bechstead Club with a considerable reputation, for he had played for Rutland, who at that time stood in the very front rank.

"At first Royston made himself agreeable enough. Far from bragging about his experiences, he seemed anxious lest we should fancy his acquaintance with first-class cricket greater than it had actually been. 'I have never met W. G.,' he would say, or 'I have never batted upon the Trent Bridge ground,' when, perhaps, the preceding conversation had been about something quite different. He was a perfect Mark Tapley in time of misfortune—of which he had more than a share—and when it was whispered that this cheerfulness proceeded from the fact that he played second-class cricket for fun the respect of the younger members deepened into something like awe. He was eager, too, to recognise ability in others, and he discovered that our captain, who made a century every other Saturday, was 'really a good man.' The latter did not reciprocate. 'Do you know why you can't bat now?' he said to Royston one evening.

"No, dear old boy," said the county player, airily. "Why, whisky?"

"It is because you have never learnt."

"In spite of this snub, if it had not been for the match with the Hermits, Royston would have gone on playing for Bechstead, and having hard luck to the present time. We did get a licking that day. By half-past one the game was virtually at an end. We were all pretty glum during lunch with the exception of Royston, who talked cricket without mercy. Others were partly responsible for this. They wished to show that we were not the novices we had appeared, and they played the man who had represented his county upon our opponents as a trump card. After luncheon, Royston, on whom all this deference had produced a marked effect, introduced himself to the fast bowler whose deliveries had done us so much mischief. The latter, I afterwards learned, was some twelve years older than he appeared.

"You're the fellah that got rid of me this morning, I believe," he began. "I thought you would like to know that I consider that over you gave me the hottest over I have had this season. When I say that I say a good deal."

"You do indeed," murmured the demon, deferentially.

"I thought you might value it, coming from a man that plays cricket every day of the week. You know," continued the great man encouragingly, "your delivery is remarkably like my own. We take a damned long run, we have a frightening action, and we put in a good ball on the top of that. It's too good for second-class batsmen. You don't use your head much at present, but that will come."

"I moved away at this point. Royston's conversation was making me unwell. After all, if the youth liked to stand this sort of patronage—he seemed to enjoy it—it was not the affair of anybody else.

"In the dressing-room the county player broke loose again. 'We have been well beaten,' he said, 'but what of that? I remember once, when I was playing for Rutland, we had best batting side in England, and were dismissed for thirty-seven. We had Pottergill, though, against us, the first bowler in the world.'

"The wicket helped him a good deal," interposed the *protégé*; "it kicked terribly."

"You were not present at the match?" said Royston, changing colour.

"I had to be," said the Hermit, quietly. "You see, I was 'Pottergill.'"

"But they've got you down as Turner in the score-sheet."

"Yes; that's because I ought to be hard at work."

"Had Royston really played for his county?" inquired the Treasurer.

"That was the funny part of it. He had—once. Pottergill told us all about it as we walked to the station: Rutland, who were playing a match away from home, had a man injured in the preliminary practice. They wired for a substitute, but, unfortunately, they were sent in to bat on a drying wicket, and nine of them were got rid of in a little over an hour. The luncheon interval was then taken in the vain hope that it would allow the eleventh man time to come up. Just before the bell rang again a stranger sent in his card. He was an Oakham man by birth, and he offered his services. There was no one else on the ground qualified, so the captain rigged up the volunteer in some old flannels and sent him to the wickets. The not-out was a slogger, and there was just a chance that this would enable him to fluke up a few more. Every run was of importance. Royston, for the stranger was none other, was bowled with the very first ball!

"Bechstead have won plenty of good matches since then, but they have done so without the assistance of 'The Man who had played for his County.'"

B. A. CLARKE.

MUSIC.

Sir Augustus Harris is going to spend £50,000 on Italian opera in ten weeks, and everyone hopes that his pluck will be rewarded by a successful season. He has started well, for the customary patrons of the Opera have not been found wanting, and the Queen has taken a box for the season. In the old days her Majesty found no pleasure greater



Print by J. Brandard.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT AT THE OPERA IN 1841.

than a visit to Covent Garden, and the engraving which is reproduced herewith has a peculiar interest at the moment, as well as a historical value, as giving excellent portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert as they appeared at the Opera in the season of 1841.

No wonder that Mr. George Bernard Shaw waxed eulogistic over the Amsterdam choir and advised everyone to hear their exquisite singing. He must have been glad to see the distinguished audience in St. Martin's Town Hall on the 15th, sharing his high opinion by heartiest applause. Madame Antoinette Sterling was present, and seemed delighted, so were Professor Villiers Stanford, Signor Randegger, and a host of other musical celebrities. As for the critics, for once Mr. Fuller Maitland and his *confrères* agreed to praise the really wonderful programme which was performed. The singers number nineteen, the ten ladies sitting in a semicircle and the men behind them. Mr. Daniel de Lange conducted with great ability, obtaining every shade of tone which could add to the impressiveness of the music. Every now and then the perfect harmony of voices drew from the piano a responsive note, but there was no accompaniment to add to the concerted efforts of the choir. First, there were sung the National Anthems of England and the Netherlands, only half the audience shyly standing while the stirring notes of "Wilhelmus van Nassouwe" rang through the hall. Then J. P. Sweelinck's fine setting of Psalm 122 was given, to the delight of everyone, followed by an exquisite "Kyrie Eleison," composed by Ockeghem, who lived in the early part of the fifteenth century. An extremely cheerful Christmas melody by Sweelinck, with a faint resemblance in its opening phrase to "Holy, Holy, Holy" in "Elijah," was sung with especial spirit. After Obrecht's "Agnus Dei," there came "Et incarnatus est," which to many was the gem of the concert. Throughout this piece the choir sang pianissimo, and so beautiful was the effect that it was encored. As an example of glad gratitude expressed in music, Sweelinck's setting to Psalm 118 could not be easily excelled. Altogether, one was bound to recognise in these quiet ladies, simply and charmingly attired, and the gentlemen with such characteristic Dutch faces artists of exceptional genius, who are well employed in reminding English people of the great Flemish musicians who flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

One could hardly expect Signor Puccini to give a clear idea of *Manon Lescaut* or the *Chevalier des Grieux*. The delightful book by

the Abbé Prévost d'Exiles is such a masterpiece of non-moral literature, its heroine is so fascinating a creature, so charmingly devoid of all ideas of right and wrong, that the uttermost subtlety and delicacy is needed to present her. Consequently, within the limits of opera *Manon* is really impossible. A few episodes that may be of her life, and might be from that of others, is all that could be given. Now, although I spent a very pleasant evening listening to the opera, I do not think the book has been treated with tact. Each act is good in itself, but the gaps are startling. Between the first, where hero and heroine meet at Amiens and run away together, and the second, where she is living as mistress of someone else, one has to assume that quite a long love story has happened. However, even if at the best the book merely gives the skeleton of *Manon* with some important bones missing, it affords those who know the story a pleasure in filling up the blanks, and the rest hardly can guess what they miss.

The music demands either exhaustive analysis or short, swift judgment. For the former I have no space. It is charming, but not great. It is written in the neo-Italian style which is now the fashion, and would seem astounding to one who did not know its antecedents. As it is, though perhaps it shows more real force than the work of Puccini's rivals, one is never carried away by its efforts at passion. All the aid of dexterous orchestration and prodigious crescendos with effective phrases—used somewhat economically—leave one unmoved. On the other hand, there is much delightful music of a light, gay character in the second act, including a very pretty madrigal; moreover, the ending to the act is really brilliant. If I cannot pretend that Puccini is great, I must say that he is very clever, and that his work caused me to pass a very pleasant evening.

Signor Beduschi, the *Des Grieux*, proved to be a clever actor and charming singer; his voice is strong, his compass long, he is free from vibrato, and very just in tone. Were his voice a trifle finer in quality, he would be a great tenor. Signora Olghina, who was the *Manon*, though she could do little to suggest the wayward, fascinating *Manon*, is an artist of no mean merit. The *Lescaut* of Signor Pini-Corsi was a clever piece of work. "*Manon*" has been mounted admirably, and some of the scenes, notably that of the third act, are very powerful and effective. Sir Augustus Harris may feel sure that he has started his season with a work likely to become as popular in England as abroad.

The *rentrée* of the sisters Ravogli attracted a large audience, and they achieved their customary success last week. To praise their singing in "*Orfeo*" is, happily, quite redundant nowadays.

x.



Photo by Falk, New York.

MISSES GIULIA AND SOFIA RAVOGLI.

THE LAST OF THE CARLYLES.

It may not be generally known that there still lives within twenty miles of the Canadian city of Toronto a sister of Thomas Carlyle. She is a sweet old lady of eighty, the youngest and only surviving child of James Carlyle, the stonemason of Ecclefechan, and Margaret Aitken, and the widow of Robert Hanning, who, after an unsuccessful business career in Manchester, entered the service of the Great Western Railway Company of Canada as general foreman and train despatcher at Hamilton.



MRS. JANET CARLYLE HANNING.

Born July 19, 1813.

Here Carlyle's sister lived for many years in constant and affectionate correspondence with her distinguished brother, and now in the days of her widowhood she has retired, by the aid of money left her by Carlyle upon his death in 1881, to a delightful retreat among the undulating lands of the valley of Sixteen-Mile Creek. The house she has named "Comely Bank," in memory of the Edinburgh home to which Carlyle first brought his young wife, Jeannie Welsh—"a sweet, nice,

lively, very kind, very pretty, loving woman," Mrs. Hanning calls her. In this retreat she has surrounded herself with relics of her brother. On the walls may be seen the "Carlyle Pictures," showing the various homes of Carlyle, from the Arched House at Ecclefechan to the red-brick tenement of Cheyne Row, Chelsea, while a little white sugar-bowl, a footstool, and other cherished heirlooms, all play their part in illustrating the old lady's talk about her brother and idol.

But chief among Mrs. Hanning's treasures are many unpublished letters written from Cheyne Row, some of them penned in the midst of Carlyle's mental tumult and struggle for the bare necessities of life. Five of these letters now see the light for the first time through the columns of the *Toronto Empire*, and they reveal the softer side of Carlyle's character even at the time when, as he wrote, "Our money runs fast away daily. It will be gone at the time this book ['The French Revolution'] is done, and then my destiny, as it were, ends."

The first letter is written from 5, Cheyne Row on May 16, 1836, to "My dear Jenny" (Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning), then living at Edge Street, Manchester, and gives her affectionate counsel upon her marriage. "It is," he writes, and the words have a special interest in view of Carlyle's own matrimonial experiences, "very rare and very fortunate when two parties that have affected each other from childhood upwards get together in indissoluble partnership at last. You must take the good and the ill in faithful, natural help, and, whoever or whatever fail you, never fail one another." Especially does he beg his sister to keep heart amid "the huge smoke and stour of that tumultuous Manchester, which is not unlike the uglier parts of London."

Six years intervene before the date of the next of the letters now published, and "The French Revolution" had given place to "Oliver Cromwell" in Carlyle's thoughts. Especially does he dwell upon his wanderings in Cromwell's country, where, as his biographies tell us, he smoked a cigar on the broken horse-block in Ely, rested on the spot where Oliver had called down the clergyman from the cathedral lectern, and wandered over Oliver's farm at St. Ives. And then, when the work was done, came this heartfelt note: "I have this moment ended Oliver; hang it! He is ended, thrums and all. I have nothing more to write on the subject, only mountains of wreck to burn. I am to have a swept floor again now."

"Frederick," for the preparation of which Carlyle had just made a second tour in Germany, is the burden of another letter (Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1859). "Indeed," he writes, "I have been inexpressibly busy for months and for years with that frightful book, and other burdens that lay heavy on me. I have in general lived perfectly alone, working all day with what strength remained to so grey a man, then rushing out into the dusk to ride for a couple of hours, then home again to books, &c. It was seldom that I had leisure to write the smallest note; indeed, I wrote none except upon compulsion, and never wrote so few in the same length of time on any terms before. I am again busy at the two remaining volumes, almost as busy and miserable as ever, but I cannot go on thinking of you (as you need not doubt I have often enough done) without some time or other writing, and here has the time at last come by an effort of my own."

Then follow all manner of domestic news and good wishes, and in one letter a copy of "our lamented mother's portrait, done by the machine they call photograph," and much that betokened Carlyle's veneration for "such a mother" and his affectionate relations with those of his own family.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

At the time of writing the weather is simply tropical, and sailor hats are sported everywhere by the male sex, while the weaker sex are arraying themselves in every conceivable light-coloured dress, with perfect gardens and orchards on their heads. I was intensely amused in the Allée des Acacias last Sunday, where there was a block consequent on the crowd coming back from the races, at the imperturbable impudence of a knock-kneed old cab-horse, who, with his nose right over the back of a smart victoria, behind which he had been brought to a willing standstill, was trying his best to eat some very appetising-looking oats and grasses adorning the hat of a well-known *demi-mondaine*. The latter, on realising the state of affairs, in spite of her languid and haughty demeanour just before, waxed exceedingly wroth, and dealing the poor hungry animal a crack over his head, she poured forth a volume of vituperation on the bewildered driver that would have made a fisherwoman from the Halles perfectly ill with envy.

Half London seems to have spent their Whitsuntide here, as during the few days one heard the English language spoken on every side, and saw English faces innumerable in the Bois, the Louvre, the Rue de la Paix, and in all the places worth seeing. The Duke and Duchess of Portland have just arrived at the Hôtel Bristol from Vienna, after a stay in Hungary. The Duchess is looking very well, and excites the admiration of all who have the good fortune to look upon one of the sweetest faces surely ever seen, and quite one of the happiest also.

The Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts has bought for the State two pictures by English artists—"Forgeant une Ancre," by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and "Avant le Coucher du Soleil," by Mr. Denovan, both exhibited at the Salon.

The head *piqueur* of the Czar has been in Paris recently, buying fifty fine horses for the wedding and after-use of the heir-apparent. These animals were despatched in a special train, composed of sixteen wagons, and attended by fifty grooms. There was quite a crowd of sporting people at the Gare du Nord to see them off.

At the Hôtel Drouot was sold, a day or two ago, a large wardrobe in satin-wood, with brass ornaments, and dating from the time of the Regency, included in the Pommereau collection. Originally an ordinary linen-press, the then owner sold it to a friend for 40 francs. It was soon afterwards sold to an antiquary in Rouen for 1800 francs. A dealer next bought it for 12,000 francs, and it was finally bought by M. Pommereau, who gave 18,000 francs, and sold it at the Hôtel Drouot for no less than 40,100 francs.

Balloons are becoming more than ever erratic in their movements. The "Lazare Carnot" was sent up at the *fête* at Colombes, with M. Gaston Vavrick, the *aéronaut*, and not very long afterwards shot down with lightning rapidity on to the top of a house in the Rue St. Fiacre. The firemen were called, and assisted M. Vavrick, who was, fortunately, unhurt, to empty the balloon.—The same evening another balloon fell in the Marché St. Germain, the *aéronauts* being more or less seriously hurt. Several people in the crowd that watched the descent fainted from the effects of the escaping gas.

The manager of the Crédit Général de Paris has been arrested on a charge of breach of trust. All the books of the company will undergo a thorough investigation.

A very distressing suicide has taken place in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital. A young *divorcée*, Madame Marie Belle, lost her little girl of four a few days ago, and on Monday wrote to her father announcing her intention of destroying herself, as she was unable to bear her grief. The father rushed off to her house as soon as he received the letter, and had the door broken open by a magistrate, only to find the poor woman lying dead on the bed, with a large doll at her side. A letter on the table, addressed to the Commissary of Police, said: "I cannot live without my child. I beg that this doll, which gave me a last illusion, may be placed in the coffin with me, next my heart."

The house of the late Marquise de Païva in the Champs Elysées is for sale. It was on this spot that the Marquise nearly died of hunger and cold, when she was a flower-girl selling violets at a *sou* the bunch, at the beginning of her career. M. Gustave Planche happened to pass, and, filled with sudden pity at the sight of the poor, half-clad, shivering girl, he generously gave her a *louis*. This *louis* restored life and hope, and, sure of her wonderful beauty eventually bringing her to fortune, the flower-girl there and then vowed to build a palace one day on the very place where she had so nearly died of starvation. Her after-celebrity is well known, and she died a few years ago at her château of Newdelck, in Silesia, nursed to the last by her devoted husband, the Marquis de Païva.

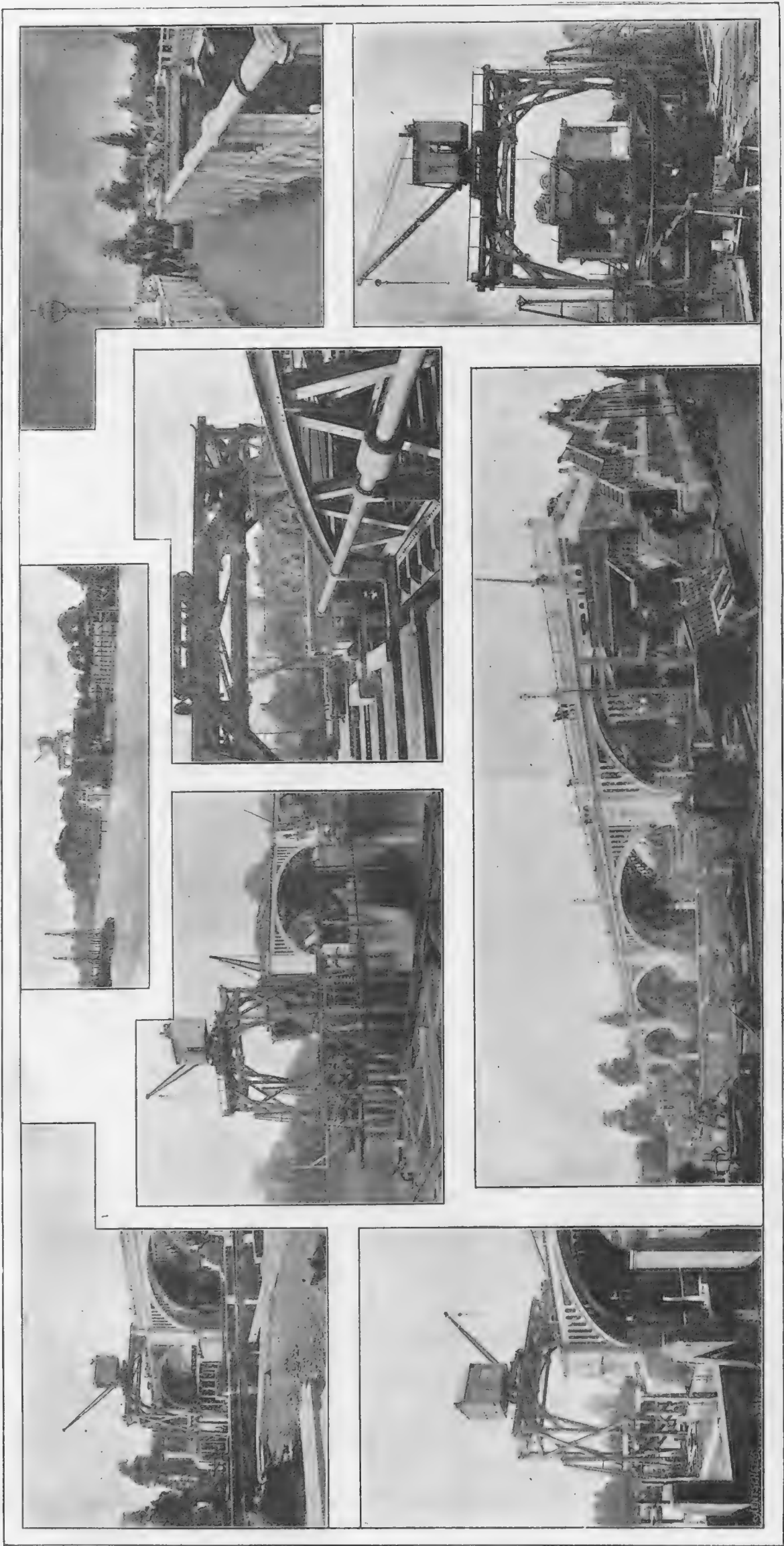
MIMOSA.

A curious story is told with regard to the method of lion-taming adopted by that famous collector and exhibitor of wild beasts, Hagenbeck, son of a Hamburg fishmonger. When he receives a consignment of lion cubs, he or his chief trainer, Professor Darling, introduces the youthful *felide* to the society of a number of goats, and causes the dams among the latter to bestow upon the cubs attentions similar to those they give to their own offspring. The result is that the lions begin life, so to speak, with an admixture of gentleness imbibed from their foster-mothers, and are thus the more easily trained for show purposes.



RICHMOND LOCK AND TIDAL WEIR.

From Photographs by Percy Barron, Barnes.



It was very appropriate that the Duke of York should open the new lock at Richmond on Saturday, for Richmond must have pleasant associations for him. The river at this point has not been by any means beautiful or useful, the depth of the water when the tide was out becoming gradually less and less. Between

Teddington Lock and Richmond there will henceforth be no want of water. The first-named has hitherto been the largest lock on the river, but the new lock, 250 ft. in length, is 72 ft. longer and a foot wider. The new works consist of a footbridge of five arches, the three in the centre being furnished with very ingenious sluices.

When not in use, they can be raised and turned over under the top of the bridge, and thus not present the unsightly appearance which would otherwise be the case. Beneath the two remaining arches are the rollers for the passage of small boats and the lock—the former on the Middlesex, the latter on the Surrey side.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen, who arrived at Balmoral on Tuesday, is to stay there until June 26, when her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle for a residence of three weeks, after which the Court is to proceed to Osborne until the end of August. Twenty horses and seven carriages were despatched from Windsor last week by special train to Balmoral for the use of the Queen during her stay in Scotland. Several alterations have been made at Balmoral during the winter, and some of the rooms have been very handsomely redecorated.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will be at Coworth Park, Sunningdale, for Ascot Races, and will leave London on Monday, June 18. A small party will be the guests of their Royal Highnesses during the week. A dance is to be given at Coworth Park to a select few on the Friday, and on Saturday afternoon there will be the regulation royal picnic at Virginia Water. The Prince and Princess return to Marlborough House for the remainder of the season on Monday, June 25.

How careful we ought to be in laughing at others! A fortnight ago I was laughing at the amount of "copy" "Dagonet" makes out of his liver. Scarcely a week elapsed, and my own liver quarrelled violently with me, for no reasonable cause. Now, I have always treated it well, and it is bound to me by ties which, if severed, would render it useless. For the past month I have been treating it exceedingly well, feeding it on all possible dainties in and out of season, nourishing it with fine wines. I did all this because the world had been treating me kindly, and my liver having been my faithful companion for more years than I can remember, I thought it only right to share my enjoyments with so tried a friend. Just lately a friend of mine put his money on Grand Duke at Newmarket, and convivial supper parties followed, and the dawn found us, crumpled but triumphant, playing poker. All this was like a foretaste of Paradise, life seemed devoid of care, when, without one premonitory symptom, my liver and health had a violent quarrel, and the latter left me. I advertised that if that health would return all would be forgotten. I took violent exercise in the park; I even called upon my doctor. He gave me undrinkable medicine, which I threw away after tasting. It was while I was in this completely wrecked state that I met a friend on whose judgment I rely. "Hullo!" he said; "What's wrong? You look as if you had lost something." "Only my health," I replied, with the ghost of a sickly smile. "I've seen it," he said. "Where?" I cried anxiously. "On the front at Brighton," he replied. Without waiting to thank him, I hurried down there as slowly as the express train could take me. *En passant*, I may mention that I will back the L. B. and S. C. Railway for running the slowest fast trains on record. If, by accident, one does go quickly for a few miles, it invariably becomes frightened at its own rashness and takes a long rest—presumably, for Time to catch it up.

For the first afternoon the rain came down as though Brighton would be washed away, and I sat in the porch of the hotel meditating on Yvette Guilbert, whom I had seen the night before. The refrain of some of those dreadful songs of hers kept haunting me, and a vivid recollection of her extraordinary appearance, the long, thin arms, the dangerously-low-cut dress, and the curious look that accompanied her very risky utterances came back to me most vividly. Towards the close of the day the rain stopped, and the sun came out, and again reminded me of Yvette's songs, it was so aggressively blue. Towards the ninth hour, after the tedious *table d'hôte* had wound its slow length along, I repaired to one of the few places of entertainment, and arrived in time to hear Minnie Cunningham sing. I immediately fell in love with her, and, later in the evening, on being introduced, congratulated her on her costumes, which, she told me, she herself designed and her mother made. Miss Cunningham certainly stands miles higher than the average serio, both as regards voice and taste, so I was not surprised to hear that she had received a large offer to join the Gaiety company; that she declined it is, perhaps, another proof of her—but I am becoming indiscreet.

Really, Brighton is a wonderful place. An hour after the rain stops the streets are perfectly dry, while the fresh sea-breeze would revive one of the Egyptian mummies from the British Museum. It must be the nearest English approach to Syracuse, on which town Cicero said the sun shone every day. Again, you are as well catered for as though you were in town. The hotels are marvels of comfort. All the great tradesmen of London—or, at any rate, a fair number of them—have shops on or round the front. Everybody who is anybody, and numerous others who are not, knock up against you on the crowded parade, though when a high wind is blowing I, for one, object to raising my hat two or three times a minute. Nevertheless, I took a stroll on Sunday morning, and encountered actors, actresses, lawyers, divines, statesmen, journalists, and other strange people. The Parliamentary holiday, coupled with the vacation, brought down numerous well-known faces, together with those who wear them. The sporting element was down there too, and had I been disposed to make my fortune, how easily I could have done so—if what they told me was true! I pointed out to several that they were spoiling the market by telling me all these things, that if the outside chances were heavily backed their odds would become very short. Then two of them became displeased, and went, probably, to find someone more impressionable. After that I adjourned to the West Pier, from which I was driven, after a short sojourn, by the arrival of a steamboat, heavily laden with common or cheap trippers. They swarmed over the place like ants, in a manner which suggested Margate and other abominations, so that flight, though cowardly, became necessary.

The harmless, necessary cabby has at last taken his grievances seriously to heart, and set, not lance, but whip at rest for the greater confounding of his employer's politics. Without fluttering further the tattered rags of an argument already disposed of, I may add that a very practical amelioration of Jehu's many woes would be found to follow the introduction of short distance rides for, say, sixpence, this modest sum, coming well within the category of unconsidered trifles, while the shilling assumes an importance in the pocket which forbids us to part from it without a severe mental tussle. The way is long in London, and, whether "the wind be cold" or the pavements puddly, a friendly hansom is equally a refuge from everlasting dilemma.

"Now then, stupid, keep your own side, can't you?" is the eternal warning to the law-breaker of the highway. But which is our own side after all, and who made the rule which reads one way in France and another way in England? A lively exchange of stable amenities took place between representatives of both nations lately at Dieppe. Neither coachman would give in: the case was brought to court, and some amusing arguments were brought to bear before Jehu John Bull could be convinced that, being in France, he should have driven his master's horses to the right. In Belgium and Germany a similar rule prevails, while in Italy they drive like us to the left, and the custom originated, strange to say, when diligences and post-chaises were liable to the attacks of roadside gentry. The postilions sat on the left-hand horse and drove on the same side to have greater command with their weapons—carried in the right hand—of Claude Duval or Jack Sheppard over the way.

Mr. Asquith and his bride, after spending a few days at Mells Park, not far from Frome, went for the remainder of their honeymoon to Clovelly Court. The fact that their host in this lovely district is



Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street, W.C.

MRS. H. H. ASQUITH.

a ruling councillor in the Primrose League emphasises the fortunate position of the Home Secretary in possessing friends on both sides of politics.

I have before had the pleasure of commending Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe's "London of To-day," the tenth annual edition of which has just been issued by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. The editor contrives to infuse each year new interest in this brightly-written and prettily-illustrated "book for this season and for all seasons." Mr. Pascoe knows his London accurately and thoroughly, and for the hosts of visitors who want to learn their way about the great city he is a splendid literary cicerone. One tiny error I noticed on page 306 as to the *Pall Mall Gazette* being still located in Northumberland Street; but this is quite pardonable in such a mass of information.

A lady friend of mine, who is staying in Bonn, sends me an interesting account of the Beethoven Festival, which was held in the old German University city a few days since. The great composer's memory is held in high reverence in Bonn, where both his father and grandfather occupied positions in the Court Band of the Elector of Cologne. The great hall named after Beethoven was simply packed, not one seat was to be had, and the festival occupied three evenings. The glorious Third Symphony, the "Eroica," was splendidly rendered by the Cologne orchestra, which was conducted by Herr Wüllner, a grand old man of music, who has passed the Rubicon of three-score years and ten. Herr Wüllner has the marvellous retention of a Von Bülow, and conducted the performance entirely from memory. The Ninth Symphony, with choral accompaniment, was most effective, one of the soloists being Charlotte Kuhn, who is a beautiful woman, and has the reputation of being an ideal Orfeo. At the end of each evening Wüllner received a magnificent floral tribute amid immense enthusiasm, on the first night a wreath, on the second a lyre of roses, and on the last a double lyre of laurel some four feet high. Musical critics attended the festival from all parts of the Fatherland, and the whole affair was an enormous artistic success. Toilettes, adds my fair correspondent, who is an American, were something fine for Germany, though in London, Paris, or New York they would not be thought anything.

The Benchers of a certain Inn had a singular culprit before them the other day. This was a young Irish barrister, recently called, who was charged with the heinous offence of personally applying to solicitors for work. Asked to explain this unheard-of breach of professional decorum, the ingenuous youth, with the most unaffected surprise, said, "I didn't know it was wrong. You don't hang up any regulations anywhere, and so how was I to tell? It is done in every other business." The Benchers were breathless with amazement, and when the young man retired they decided that such absolutely verdant simplicity was unprecedented in the whole of their experience.

I have just been looking out of the club window at the cabmen's procession. It had one novel feature in "strike" demonstrations, and that was the enthusiasm of the procession for the clubs. Some were cheered more than others, and there seemed to be a special affection for White's. "Good old White's!" shouted the cabbies, and this spontaneous tribute was gracefully received by a gilded youth, who stood on the club steps with his legs apart and his hat on one side, the picture of unaffected indolence. I have a good deal of sympathy with cabby, whom I always overpay, and who is generally a civil and obliging fellow, with a wealth of repartee, which is lavished on omnibus drivers. Why is there a rooted antipathy between the driver of a cab and the driver of an omnibus? Mr. Herbert Spencer ought to embrace this problem in his sociology. As for the economic question, perhaps there are too many cabbies in London, and certainly some of their vehicles would adorn a more congenial sphere as firewood. But what true Londoner would willingly sacrifice even a "growler" to the fetish of "supply and demand"?

What is the precise Christian sentiment due to the lady who sings in Chester Cathedral to the annoyance of the rest of the congregation, and persists in lifting up her voice when it is the exclusive business of the choir to perform? I see the Chester magistrates have bound over this inharmonious worshipper to be of good behaviour; but this makes no manner of appeal to a lady who believes that singing out of tune is necessary to her salvation. And what say the ecclesiastical authorities? The bishop, popularly known in his diocese as "My Pretty Jayne," is reported to have said that he would—not dash his wig, but trample on his canonicals, rather than have his car tortured by devout but infelicitous warbling. Is it Christian for a bishop to judge thus harshly a fellow-sinner who is unable to conform to time and tune and other human inventions? She has a right to address this petition to him—

O, any day, and every day,
My soul must gladly sing,
And when you chant and when you pray
I'll shout like anything!
Then, pretty Jayne, angelic Jayne,
You really mustn't mind
My warbling hymns and anthems
A dozen bars behind!

The cart-horse parade was a mighty occasion for the display of muscle and orange-peel in Regent's Park. Not alone did the British drayman and his gee-gee appear in all their natural glory of biceps and fetlock, but Missis, the progeny, and cold provisions occupied proudly the body of the cart. Five hundred vehicles and close on seven hundred horses made a respectable show as they filed past the judges, while after the luncheon interval Regent's Park became one vast harmony of white and yellow orange-peel, the morning papers contributing weird Whistlerian effects in unconscious comedy. Mr. Burdett-Coutts referred happily to the "wives, children, or sweethearts" present of the men, and the Baroness, whose familiar presence is ever associated with good, was heartily cheered as she drove away, having distributed prizes for nearly three hours without flinching in an uncompromising sunshine.

The dark-eyed beauties of Teheran will soon be able to avail themselves of the medical services of a physician of their own sex. Miss Joseph, a young Persian lady, is just completing her studies at the New York Women's Medical College, and will shortly return to her own country with the purpose of practising there. This item ought to be of interest to those who are concerned in the onward march of the "Enfranchisement of Woman" movement.

Few men had a larger acquaintance or greater number of friends among the members of the theatrical profession than Mr. Arthur Blackmore, who died a few days since at his mother's house at Twickenham, at the early age of thirty-five. He had been in delicate health for some years, but a trip to South Africa about a twelvemonth or more ago had been very beneficial, and when I saw him last I little thought that an attack of pneumonia, the result of a chill, would terminate his busy career in so untimely a manner. When Mr. Blackmore's father died, a good many years since, he and his brother Herbert had all the responsibilities of a big dramatic agency thrown on their shoulders, but tact, energy, and straightforwardness enabled them not only to keep the business together, but to enlarge and extend it. Mr. Blackmore took a great interest in the Brixton Theatre scheme, and it is sad that he should have died just at its realisation.

The smallest performer on the London stage is the child who appears in "Faust" at the Lyceum, and is supposed to be horribly frightened when the fiend touches her in one of those bits of by-play which Mr. Irving delights in. This infantine artist, a little girl about three years old, was the heroine of a pretty little scene at a recent *matinée*. When Mephistopheles was taking his "call" at the end of the first act, the child came toddling on, instigated to this darning by Miss Terry. The Devil welcomed her appearance with undisguised appreciation, and when the audience applauded this unrehearsed effect he brought on the little one for a second "call." As some good people have persuaded themselves that Mr. Irving's diabolic aspect must terrify the childish mind, they may be reassured to learn that the Devil and the infant are on the best possible terms, and that when he touches her with malevolent mischief it is really to put a piece of chocolate in her mouth, which opens automatically every evening. Moreover, Mr. Irving may sometimes be seen gravely consulting her as to her taste in sweetmeats, which is liable to feminine caprice. She calls him "My Red Man" and Miss Terry "My Yellow Lady," and is as happy as the night is long.

I am sorry to have conveyed a misleading impression in a paragraph about the new theatre in Camberwell. It is not the fact that Mr. Irving declined to lay the foundation-stone. He had undertaken to do this, but the engagement was cancelled at the request of Mr. J. B. Mulholland, the manager, who thought a repetition of the proceedings in connection with the Brixton Theatre inadvisable. Mr. Mulholland, who is well known for his enterprise at the Grand Theatre, Nottingham, proposes to call his new theatre in Camberwell the Théâtre Métropole and Opera House, and, judging from the plan before me, I have no doubt it will be a very handsome and commodious building. The work was begun last December, and Mr. Mulholland, who tells me he has "neither backer, syndicate, nor 'company limited'" behind him, expects to open in September next.

There seems fair ground for hoping that Mr. R. Buchanan's quarrel with Mr. Clement Scott about "A Society Butterfly" will, for some time, at least, spare us from seeing any more Buchanan plays. Into the merits of a quarrel that will probably be fought out by wig and gown I do not mean to go, though I cannot help saying that the audience on the first night showed a profound and well-deserved contempt for the play, in which I, though a persistent first-nighter, detected no signs of a "cabal." The impropriety of the course adopted by Mr. Buchanan is too obvious for comment to be needful. Surely, managers will fight shy of an author, not rarely unsuccessful, now that he has embroiled himself with our most powerful dramatic critic.

I am bound to say that if Mr. Scott's notice were malicious—I am sure it was not—no one could be surprised. The amount of *ennui* that we have suffered through Mr. Buchanan is fearful to think of. "Dick Sheridan" comes to my mind—the play which Mr. Archer, in his article in the *Fortnightly*, wherein he preaches a lesson of charity to us, calls "empty and tedious": they are mild terms. I cannot remember "The Witchfinder," "A Madcap Prince," "Corinne," "The Nine Days' Queen," or "A Sailor and his Lass"—the last named was called by a conscientious critic "the worst of recent Drury Lane melodramas." As regards his work up to 1886, one may quote Mr. Archer's phrase, "the graduates of the Grecian drama write every bit as well as Mr. Buchanan, and construct a vast deal better." Many dull works since written come to my mind. "The Gifted Lady," a dreary thing, in which the author made pointless fun of a dramatist who, compared with him, is Tennyson to Tupper; "Clarissa Harlowe," in which a masterpiece was rendered coarse and clumsy; "The Bride of Love," a lumbering hash of dainty stories; "Joseph's Sweetheart," which kept constant to a lofty level of dullness, are fine specimens of the protracted *mauvais quart d'heure* that I have gone through at his hands.

Of course, there have been successes: "Sophia" ran five hundred nights; "Theodora," a translation from Sardou, with needless, useless changes; "Partners," which belittled "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," one of Daudet's ablest novels. For it is characteristic of Mr. Buchanan that he generally takes a work by someone else as foundation of a play, and rarely fails to aggrieve those who know the original, or to make those who do not come to the opinion that the actual author was of little account. However, I am anxious not to run the risk of being as tedious as my subject, and will wind up by expressing my sincere hope that the fate of "Dick Sheridan" and "The Charlatan"—the latter the best of his plays—may give us at least temporary relief from the works of the man who in "A Society Butterfly" confirms the view that he is one who "deliberately elects to play the showman," and "is but a poor showman, after all."

Miss Mabelle Stuart, who has been appearing at the Alhambra, is an American girl. Before taking up the variety business she was associated in America with several comedy companies. She claims to have been the first to introduce the serpentine dance to the Parisian public at the Folies-Bergère, in October, 1892. After this she made a tour, extending over a year, through France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Miss Stuart is a marvellous horsewoman and a very expert whip. In California, where she spent several years, it was no unusual occurrence for her to drive six-in-hand over the mountains and through dangerous cañons. To these exercises she owes much of the strength which she uses to such advantage in gracefully manipulating her wide draperies into shapes as varied as they are fantastic and beautiful. From these, too, she derives her nerve, for in her turn at the Alhambra she had to dance at a height of seven feet in the air on a glass only two feet square. She says that the serpentine dance has not yet reached its final stage of perfection; but with her statement one is inclined to disagree, particularly after having witnessed her beautiful "aerial fire dance."

Part of the correspondence columns of the *Stage* has recently been occupied with a very interesting controversy on the subject of theatre bands, in which Mr. J. M. Glover, as a touring conductor of long standing, has made a very spirited protagonist in a hot attack upon provincial orchestras and resident managers generally. Speaking for myself, I am not greatly concerned about the shortcomings of country bands; but, on the other hand, I know only too well the tortures which I have undergone during the *entr'actes* at metropolitan theatrical performances, in the evening as well as in the afternoon. Of course, within the last few years much attention has been paid, and with most satisfactory results, to the musical department in leading West-End theatres, and there is no occasion for me now to sing the praises of both conductors and orchestras at several of the large music-halls; but as regards the majority of places of entertainment, it were well if I could say "The rest is silence." Even Miss Florence Farr's abortive scheme of play *sans* music would, to me, be infinitely preferable to the dreadful performances of stale waltzes and hackneyed overtures and operatic selections which I have often mutely endured. It might be said, "Why not go out between the acts?" Well, there is something in that, but, still, it is hardly fair to "go and see a man" five times in three hours.

I note that Joseph Jefferson, the Rip Van Winkle of the stage, has been reappearing in New York in his old character. Jefferson is, of course, like many of his professional compeers, a man of culture. He has written his reminiscences, as most of us are aware. He used, some time back, to be a zealous collector of *bric-à-brac* and pictures, until, one day, a fire destroyed his gallery and its cherished contents; and as a landscape painter he is not without merit. Two familiar instances of the actor-painter are the "New Boy" (known "off" as Weedon Grossmith) and J. Bernard Partridge (Bernard Gould); but, of course, the list of those excelling in both branches of art might easily be considerably extended.

I read in an article the other day that there was a fashion in dogs, which, to some extent, was influenced by the royal taste in these friends of man. There seems to be a vogue in most things nowadays, and there is certainly one in wines. Where is the "sherry wine" so universally popular in the early days of Dickens? One rarely meets it now; indeed, I am told that the real article is most difficult to obtain. I recently tasted a very "curious" sherry, to which a curious story was attached—

a very delicious sherry, which, were it mine (in any quantity), I should certainly make it a fashion to imbibe. More than five-and-twenty years ago, a young Englishman, living for a time in Spain, rode the horse of a certain Spanish magnifico to victory. The horse-owner was also a wine-grower, and through his good offices the gentleman rider became the possessor of a quantity of a very special sherry, reserved for the proprietor's own table. It was some of this "glorious vintage," which had actually remained unpacked through all these years, that I was lucky enough to sample at a friend's house.

Returning from lunching with a friend in a southern suburb, the other Sunday, I encountered at the railway station a glorious vision of, I think, ten (I am not quite sure of the number—I was too dazzled to count, perhaps, correctly) youths in crimson garments of an antiquated cut, with crimson mortar-boards, and old-fashioned knee-breeches and silk stockings, who, on inquiry, I learned were the nice little singing boys of St. James's Chapel Royal. These lucky youths live and move and have their being in a large house in the suburb in question, where, under the tutelage of a precentor, they receive their education, an excellent musical training, and the comforts of board and bed, all which, I understand, are bestowed on them gratis by their royal mistress. It appeared to me that if the "facts" conveyed to me by my local informant were really facts, the lot of a royal chorister, unlike the policeman's, must be a remarkably happy one, particularly as, when his voice breaks, and his services are no longer required, he starts life with a substantial sum of money.

Miniature painting, which had become all but a forgotten art—done to death by the superior celerity of the photographer, no doubt—has been partially rescued from this unmerited oblivion by the pious efforts of a few faithful artists, who have devoted themselves to this charming art with increasing appreciation from the æsthetically-minded of late years. Foremost among the group of revivalists may be mentioned much excellent work done by Miss L. Campbell Clarke, whose charmingly-executed miniatures of fair women and children have often graced the Royal Academy exhibits. Some fascinating examples of Miss Campbell Clarke's work are at present on view at the

Continental Gallery, several of her "old mastery" subjects being especially acceptable. Miniature-brooches are, by-the-way, coming much into vogue again.

Novelists must be careful in the christening of their villains. A citizen who recently found his name in a story in connection with some nefarious occupation promptly brought an action. The case was a pure coincidence, for the author, who is engaged in ecclesiastical pursuits at Tunbridge Wells, had never heard of the offended plaintiff. Of course, the names of many real people must be constantly employed in fiction. The exploits of Tom Jones may have kindled virtuous indignation in the bosom of many a Thomas Jones who was a pattern of all the virtues. But the awkward thing is when a romancer lights upon a name which a real possessor may claim to regard as out of the common. A deft and sprightly *littérateur*, whom I know and greatly esteem, had the misfortune to take a lady's name in vain in a work which dealt freely with moral lapses. She was an actress, and complained that this was calculated to do her harm in her profession. Luckily for my friend, he had thrown his story into the form of a diary, and was able to show that on a particular date he had described the young woman of the narrative as only fourteen years old. This did not coincide with the golden summers of the actress, and, as she had no wish to claim that tender age at the particular time, her *amour propre* was appeased.



MISS MABELLE STUART IN HER AÉRIAL FIRE DANCE.

"PATIENCE," BY AMATEURS.



PATIENCE (MISS DELVES NORTON).

To the provincial playgoer and the amateur actor Gilbert-and-Sullivanism possesses a fascination that has only been strengthened by the passing years. The Blackheath Amateur Operatic Society produced "Patience" on May 8, 9, and 10. It is now thirteen years since this charming opera was presented at the Opéra Comique. Oscar Wildeism, the object of its satire, has been relegated to the past; but other fashions in art, that might form a butt for Mr. Gilbert's merry shafts, have taken its place. For example, he would find in what might be called Yellow Bookism matter for equally facile fooling. In any case, even with the lapse of thirteen years, "Patience" does not strike one as being out of date. Like its namesake on the monument, it stands the test of time, and the Blackheath amateurs have done well to revive it. This is the third of the society's series of performances, the proceeds of which, be it said, are devoted to the Miller Hospital and Royal Kent Dispensary, which has already benefited by its work to the extent of £170. The opera was produced under the direction of Mr. Walter Hersee, and the completeness of the production may be judged by the fact that there was a chorus of forty-two and an orchestra of twenty-six.

"MR. GALATEA," AT THE TIVOLI.

"Mr. Galatea," which is being played at the Tivoli by Mdlle. Jane May, forms, perhaps, the prettiest spectacle on the London music-hall stage at this moment. In a moonlit sculptor's studio stands Mr. Galatea (Mdlle. May). Venus endows him with life, and he descends. Everything is new and strange to him. In his ignorance, he burns himself at the fire, and is astonished at the warbling songs of birds. He stands gazing longingly at a bust of Phrynette, and his beating heart teaches him that he is in love; but Phrynette remains insensible to his amorous declaration. In his ardour he seizes the bust in his arms: it falls to the ground, and breaks in pieces. Venus punishes him for his awkwardness by compelling him to resume his statue form. The whole thing is delicate and dainty. Mdlle. May's imitations of Yvette Guilbert and Sarah Bernhardt are exceedingly clever. By a stroke of genius, probably unconscious, the management give Mr. Harry Freeman the next turn in the programme, and thus whisk the audience from the climax of refinement to the depths of deafening vulgarity. But, then, they probably argue that this is the very *raison d'être* of a "variety" entertainment. The contrast is just a trifle too pronounced.



THE LOVE-SICK MAIDENS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. WAYLAND, BLACKHEATH.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"A HANDFUL OF ASHES."

BY MRS. ARMSTRONG.

"I wish I could fall in love," said the Girl. "All the critics tell me that my stories fail for want of experience of life, and life means love, does it not?"

"You need not be in haste," said the Older Woman; "your time will come soon enough; and as for being in love, the only comfort old age can bring is the knowledge that one will never care for anyone in that way any more."

"I could never feel anything like that," said the Girl, thoughtfully. "I am cold by nature; don't you think that that is so?"

"You are analytical by nature," replied the other; "that is not exactly the same thing. You are always pulling yourself up by the roots to see how you are getting on. You cannot make gardens so; but it is an excellent plan for a desert."

"Still, I should like to be in love, just for the sake of knowing how it feels. I should like to go through it, for the sake of the experience, even if I fell in love with someone who did not love me."

"Do you want to know what hell upon earth is like?" interrupted the Older Woman.

"Not specially," said the Girl, shaking her head, and a smile passed over her gold-framed face as the sunlight passes over a cornfield; "but



"I wish I could fall in love," said the Girl.

I want to carve out a way for myself. I want to know and to feel to the utmost. I feel that the feast of life is before me and I cannot taste its savour. I would rather have my portion, even if it were to be bitter and salt."

"Ah, well, my dear," said the Older Woman, "when you have got your 'handful of ashes,' I hope you will like it."

A few days passed by tranquilly with the Woman, and the Girl stood again on the threshold. She had come in a different mood this time, and there was a new sternness in her gaze. She sat down on a stool at the feet of the Older Woman before she commenced to confide in her.

"You are my spiritual mother," she said, "and I can tell you everything; but I always come to you when I am in trouble—it is a shame to use you so."

"No; you do me a kindness," replied the Older Woman. "What is the good of me now? I am getting old. I have no outer life of my own. I am only good as a kind of moral dustbin for other people to empty their sorrows into."

"You are a very nice dustbin," said the Girl, with a laugh, "and you keep all my secrets to yourself; but I often think it must weary you to hear all my selfish complaints."

"Not at all," replied the Older Woman; "you are a kind of moral luxury to me. You come to me in many moods—sad or aggressive, despondent or impatient, as the case may be. Now, I have no change of moods—old age has left me nothing but tolerance, a particularly dull virtue. So I am a kind of moral vampire, and I feast upon your capacity for emotion."

"You are unjust to yourself," said the Girl; "but never mind, you are indulgent to everyone else. Now I will tell you about my mood of to-day. Do you remember what I told you the other day—how I wished I was in love? Well, all desire for that is gone."

"You have got over it rapidly," said her friend. "May one ask why?"

"Because I have something else to think of," replied the Girl. "Life has become serious to me all of a sudden. There have been some money troubles at home, and I am going out into the world to earn my living. I will not be a burden any more."

"Out into the world!" said the Older Woman, with a shudder. "My dear, you had better think of it again. I heard there had been some little trouble in the City, but it is nothing lasting—it will pass."

"It may pass," said the Girl, with a frown; "I will not live idle at home any more. My stepmother has said such things—she is so jealous of my father's affection for me, and so anxious for the future of my half-sisters—I will not stay at home and be reproached for being in the way."

"Silly pride!" cried the Woman. "What is it worth? When you are far from home, will your pride warm you and feed you? Child, you will be at the mercy of the world. Do you know what it is like? It is like being at sea in an open boat: you may paddle along for a little time, but at any minute you may be wrecked."

"My pride will keep me up," said the Girl, though she went a little white. "And why should the world be hard on me? The world is like an oyster, and one must learn to open it. And I have plenty of talent, have I not? People have told me so a hundred times."

"There is no human being that I pity more in this world," said the Woman, musingly, "than the amateur who becomes a professional. From compliments to criticism! From praise to blame! From the indulgence of friends to the hard professional standard!"

"Do not damp my enthusiasm at starting," said the Girl. "You know I have many gifts; I am only thinking which to cultivate. I suppose I had better take up one thing seriously and stick to it."

"You will have a better chance if you concentrate yourself, of course."

"I have been thinking of it all day," said the Young Girl, eagerly; "I have a little capital, you know, and I shall realise it, and spend it all on fitting myself for some profession. Now, shall I go to Paris and study art, or to Germany and go in for music? Or I could go on with my writing, could I not?"

"When you have quite made up your mind whether you will be a Millais or a Schumann or a George Eliot, you will probably make more way," remarked her friend.

Two years passed tranquilly by with the Woman before the Girl crossed the threshold again. The Girl came in slowly, and her step was less light than of yore, and she cast herself down at the Older Woman's feet.

"May I tell you everything?" she said. "May I sit at your feet as I used to?" And she buried her face in her hands, and something like a sob rose in her throat.

"My dear, how you have suffered! I can hear it in your voice. How have you suffered, my child?"

"I have loved!" said the Girl, and she bowed her golden head upon her hands. "I have worked, too, mother. I have tried to make my way."

"But your work has succeeded?" said the other, anxiously. "You had great talents for playing—you have gained your scholarship, have you not?"

"I have failed!" replied the Girl. "I seem to have done nothing. I know myself a little better—that is all."

"We pay dearly for that, my daughter," said the Older Woman, stroking the young girl's hand.

"I went to Leipsic, as you know," said the Girl. "I played so confidently at my first examination. I did not mind the old professors a bit. One of them whispered to the other, 'The young English girl is very pretty. She will look very well on the platform, will she not?' I smiled, and played all the better. I would give the world to regain that confidence now."

"Then came my entrance into the Conservatorium. I went to the weekly practice, and heard the young students making unkind remarks. They were far harder than the masters, and they all seemed to know one another well, and I felt all alone in the crowd. Out of the sea of faces, I noticed one that was kind. It was the face of a young man of the same country as myself. It was so much to see a kind face in the crowd."

Her friend pressed her hand, but did not speak.

"The young English student had his lesson after mine. Every day I went out of the room as he came in. We looked at one another, but never spoke—"

"You had not been introduced," said the Older Woman.

"But one day I came out of the room crying," exclaimed the Girl; "that was as good as an introduction, was it not? My fellow-student knew what it was in a minute, and he said, 'Oh dear! you have had a bad lesson, have you not? You must not mind the Herr Professor; he is very cross sometimes.' And as I looked up at him the tears rolled down my face, and I felt for my handkerchief, that I might wipe my tears away. And then I said, 'I have no handkerchief!' like a child."

"He sat down beside me on the bench outside the door, and took his handkerchief from his breast-pocket and offered it to me without a word, and I wiped my tears away and gave him his handkerchief back. It was a white one with a pretty blue border, and he put it to his lips before he returned it to its place, saying, 'I shall always keep the handkerchief which has received your tears.'"

"And that was how it began?" asked the Older Woman. "You were very unwise, my dear."

"I was unhappy!" exclaimed the Girl. "That afternoon we went for a little walk in the woods. He said that trees seemed so comforting when one felt sad. And as we came home he asked to be my friend. He said, 'You are all alone here, and some of the students are very rough, and there is much bickering and jealousy. As time goes on, you will be sure to want a friend. May I not be that friend?' And he said it so nicely—he has a very gentle voice."

"A pity you ever met him!" said the Older Woman, shaking her head.

"I did not get fond of him at first," went on the Girl, as though she were speaking to herself. "At first I only intended that he should be my man-friend."

"There is no such thing as a man-friend," said the other in parenthesis.

"But by degrees I got very fond of him; he was so much to me. He used to turn over the leaves of my music for me at the concerts, and his presence gave me courage when I played. He used always to see me home after the concerts, and we used to talk about our work on the way. And we always spent our Sundays together, making long excursions through the woods, and taking our luncheon at some wayside inn."

"You should never have made such a friend of him. You seem to have been just as unwise as ever you could be."

"He was the comfort of my life!" cried the Girl. "I could scarcely have lived but for him. My worries with my work were endless; but his friendship kept me up through it all. I thought for a long time it was friendship; I found out at last it was love."

"It was a very silly little thing that made me find out how I cared for him. A very great player came to the Conservatorium—a player whom we all worshipped, and he came to play to us students. And my fellow-student and I had dreadful places, where we could not see the artist as he played. I had never seen him before, and it had been the dream of my life to see his face. I had a stall ticket in my pocket, and it was a good place, where I could have seen and heard well. And then suddenly it came to me that I would rather sit in the worst place with him than in the best place alone. That was how I knew I loved him." Here she buried her face in her hands.

"As we sat at that concert together, I became suddenly conscious that a face was looking at me from the stalls below. The eyes were watching me intently—it was their intensity that drew me. It was the face of a young English girl, very fair and white, and I felt it was an unfriendly gaze. The girl was waiting for us as we came down the stairs, and my fellow-student turned red and then white. The girl flew towards him, and put out her hand, and began an eager conversation in a low tone. I could not get away; I was jammed up in the crowd. I could hear every word she said. 'The time is so short now,' she whispered, 'I don't think we need be so careful any more. I have come with my mother. I have persuaded her to let me study singing over here. Your people heard of your friendship with the young English girl, and they were all so pleased. They thought that you were forgetting me, but I knew that you were doing it for a blind!'

"When she said this, I gave a little cry, as an animal does when in pain. And I gave my fellow-student a look, and I broke through the crowd, and ran away to my lodgings alone. When I got home I locked myself in, and I cried all night. The next day I was to be examined for the scholarship, and I was supposed to have such a good chance for it."

"I could not play, mother. I was all unnerved. I scarcely knew what I was doing, and just as I commenced to play I saw my fellow-student's face in the crowd, and the face of the young English girl was beside him."

"I think she must have had the evil eye. I seemed to be frozen by her gaze. And I knew I played my worst, and I went out of the concert-room with all my hopes gone and my future all a wreck. I may drudge and teach, but I shall not have time to study—I shall never be a concert-player now. I knew it as I came down the steps."

"And as I came down he met me—he was waiting for me outside. 'No, she is not here,' he said quickly, as he saw me look behind him with an apprehensive glance; 'she is waiting to hear the others play. Let me see you home—I will tell you all about it on the way. You did not think it was true, Marie, that my friendship for you was all a blind?' I looked at his face in the moonlight, and said, 'No; I did think so, but I do not now.'

"Then he told me of this entanglement with his cousin, and how he did not love her any more. His parents had a dislike to her—there had been some family feud—and they had sent him away to Germany to study music, hoping that he would forget her in time. He would be rich—I had not known this before—but he did not come of age till he was twenty-five, and he had promised he would marry her directly he became his own master. And now the time had come, and he did not love her any more. And he said should he break his promise to her, and asked me how I would act in his place. And I told him to be true to his cousin, whom he had known before he knew me; and as we got near my house we walked slower and slower, knowing it was for the last time. And when we got to my door he said might he not kiss me once, as it was to be our good-bye for good and all. And I said 'No,' mother, and went quickly into the house."

"That was right," said the Woman, with a little tremble in her voice.

"But I am sorry I said 'No,'" said the Girl, defiantly, her eyes shining out through tears. "There are so few happy moments in life, mother; and if we do not grasp them they are gone!"

"You have got your 'handful of ashes,'" said the Older Woman; "I am sorry from the bottom of my heart."

TO THE PICTURE-LOVER.

The Royal Academy is the *fons et origo* of many catalogues beyond the familiar little blue book purchasable within the sacred precincts of Burlington House. That well-known volume rather errs on the side of formality, though its accuracy is hardly impeachable. The conservative public loves to mark its catalogue—as Mr. Anstey has amusingly described—and in so doing seems to fancy it has conferred a wonderful honour upon the artist. Neat pencils are now sold at the Royal Academy, and thus the means of "marking out the courts"—in the language of the tennis-player—is placed within the means of the



"The girl was waiting for us."

humblest. Then, after enjoying the pictures, we can revive our memories of them by obtaining the finely-printed number of the *Graphic*, which has increased in excellence, as doubtless it will in popularity, this year. Or, for threepence, there is the "Royal Academy Pocket-Book," which is one more proof of the enterprise of the *Westminster Gazette* office. The illustrations are eclectic and excellent, and surely the book is as compact and cheap as could be wished by the most fastidious or economical. Messrs. Cassell and Company have once more pleased their numerous patrons with the first number of the usual series of reproduced pictures. On the drawing-room table in many a home these admirable magazines find a place, and by those persons unable to see for themselves the canvases reproduced they are also appreciated.

From the *Pall Mall Gazette* we receive the customary orange-covered edition dealing with the pictures of 1894. This is the eleventh annual issue, and it is in no wise inferior to its predecessors. There are 200 reproductions, some of them very successful. Mr. Henry Blackburn has again placed the critical under his debt by the capital handbook of the Royal Academy which he has edited. His sketches recall very ably the pictures portrayed. Certainly, with all these illustrated catalogues, not to speak of the splendid book published by our contemporary, *Black and White*, which is beautifully printed in tints, the public has no reason to complain of inattention to the pictures of the year. There will be, indeed, such a difficulty in deciding the merits of all these publications that the purchase of them all seems the only adequate solution with regard to this veritable embarrassment of riches.

MISS MARY MOORE.

There is a sweet and gentle sound about Melina Place that suggests it as a fitting name for the home of Miss Mary Moore. In a pretty, rustic-looking little house, at the further end of this quiet and retiring suburban lane, lives the graceful, gentle, and beautiful young actress who



Photo by H. S. Mendelsohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MISS MARY MOORE.

has for the last few years held the enviable position of leading lady at the Criterion Theatre. Here Mrs. James Albery, or Miss Moore—to call her by her maiden and professional name—lives with her sister and her three bright children, Irving, Bronson, and Wyndham, each being named after a friend and professional associate of their late distinguished father, the author of "Two Roses"; and it was here that I visited her the other day, being privileged to join the family lunch—a fact which I specially appreciated, because, charming as Miss Moore is as an actress, engaging as she is as a member of society, one sees her really at her best as a mother. The footlights no longer stand as a barrier between the woman and the actress; she is the woman only, and when a charming woman plays *herself* the greatest genius of a dramatist could not fit her with a better part. Evidently this is the opinion of her children, for to them she is not only mother, but a delightful girl "chum."

To the public, however, she is not the widow of a brilliant and popular dramatist, nor the mother of three happy children, but simply Mary Moore, a pretty and winning actress, without whom no well-regulated Criterion play should be produced. And as such it was my pleasant business to address her after lunch.

It was an education in itself to watch the earnestness with which she discussed matters, as we wandered from subject to subject—the earnestness that comes to one who finds herself face to face with perhaps the most serious problem of life, the rearing and the support of a family without means to fall back upon, and with the courage to try and solve it, for it was this that originally brought Mary Moore on the stage, to the advantage of herself and the public.

"May I ask, Miss Moore, if you are inclined to agree with those who think that Lady Forres in 'An Aristocratic Alliance' is, so far, the best thing you have done on the stage?"

"Well, I'm very glad that people should say so, and I'm never rude enough to contradict pleasant remarks," said Miss Moore, with a piquant smile. "I certainly enjoy playing this part more than any other that

has yet fallen to my lot. It is, I think, a charming womanly character, and it appeals to me. It has the great merit of being true to nature—the blind, happy confidence of a wife whose love is all-sufficient for her happiness, asking but the privilege to love, till her eyes are necessarily opened to the possibility of there being no true return for the great affection she has bestowed; then the pain and misery when she learns that the idol of her heart is shattered; and, finally, the womanly resolution to pick up the pieces and put the image back upon the pedestal as best she may. I feel how true to nature such a character is drawn. Perhaps you will be shocked to hear that I believe there are numberless women who have undergone or are undergoing similar experiences to Lady Forres, and who, after much suffering, forgive as she forgave. The world hears nothing of their story, but where formerly the face was wholly bright a little shadow now appears, and remains for ever, though it may only be apparent to the observant when the face is in repose."

"You play the part as if you felt it, and that is everything," I said. "Tell me, do you like this part better than Ada Ingot, for instance—for you know you have become the accepted Ada Ingot of the stage of to-day?"

"Well, it may surprise you," Miss Moore replied, "but, though I have played Ada Ingot so many hundred times in London and the provinces, Germany and Russia, and people have been good enough to approve my interpretation of the character, I can't say it is so congenial to me as Lady Forres. The idea of a girl seriously falling in love with a man she doesn't know is incomprehensible to me."

"But nowadays," I ventured to interpolate, "women claim their right to pick and choose as well as men."

"Yes, I know that is the modern idea, but I think women were made to be wooed, not to go a-wooing."

"Now tell me some of your other favourite parts—parts in which you have given yourself some of the artistic satisfaction you aim at."

"Well," and the pretty face became thoughtful and then suddenly brightened, "of course, I loved the Quakeress heroine of 'Wild Oats,' for that was my first success, and one always retains delightful memories of one's first glimpse of sunshine. I used to enjoy playing Lady Amaranth for her own sake, as well as from a sense of having secured through her a real foothold on the stage."

"That was a pretty part, too, you played in 'The Silent Battle,'"

I put in as a reminder. "Ah, yes; a bright, merry, sympathetic girl. Jessie Keber, too, in 'The Bauble Shop,' must also be included among my favourites. Some



Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.

MISS MOORE.

of the critics seemed to fancy she was colourless, devoid of force and character, because she did not realise the thinness of the ice she was skating over. For my part, without going into the philosophical question of whether a girl should be keenly alive to all the sins and

shams and degradations that deface life, I can't help thinking that the sweetest picture in the world is that of an innocent, unsophisticated girl; and I don't know, as far as my limited experience of this puzzle goes, whether those negative qualities are not as safe for a girl's protection as the knowingness that some people advocate. We must have statistics to decide that question, and, fortunately, we have not yet reduced woman's reputation to the level of an arithmetical calculation."

"And now forgive a rather impertinent question, but you have a reputation for dressing well on the stage—tell me, who designs your costumes?" I asked this with all the becoming timidity of an intrusive male.

"Well, I don't mind a bit answering that question, for I take a good deal of trouble about my costumes—at least, one calls it trouble, but to every woman it's a pleasure. I mainly design them myself. I don't deny



MISS MOORE.

Photo by Karoly, Nottingham.

that reminiscences of Paris occasionally cross my mind—that is only a feminine weakness; but I don't confine myself to that city alone. For instance, in one of the dresses I wear in the present piece there is, I think, a happy effect my mind's eye picked up in Russia. But from these general reminiscences crop up ideas that I work at, amplify, and alter, wearing out the heart and patience of my milliner, I fear, till the desired consummation is achieved."

"Then I must indeed congratulate you, Miss Moore, for I am told that in every new play you generally supply at least one charming model for the modistes to copy."

And then the conversation turned upon plays and players of the hour, and Miss Moore gave me her ideas on many cognate subjects, including dramatic criticism, always a fruitful theme, though too much has been spoken and written about it of late to induce me to put Miss Moore's views into print. Suffice it that she has always endeavoured to turn criticism to serviceable account when it has censured discriminately, and she frankly confesses that she likes praise, and even prefers it to fault-finding; but leading actresses are, after all, only human like the rest of us.

"At all events," I said, "you must feel that you are very fortunate to have held a leading position at a popular theatre for some years—indeed, for the greater part of your stage career; for, as far as I know, you have never been under any other management than Mr. Wyndham's."

"Yes, I have been fortunate in that. I began in the Criterion Provincial Company with 'The Candidate'; then I went to the Criterion itself for the same play. Next I was given a part in 'The Man with Three Wives.' Then came the turning-point in my career. We had been rehearsing a piece, which, however, we did not play. During the rehearsals of it, Mr. Wyndham, who, as you probably know, is a very stern, energetic, I may say despotic, stage-manager, had occasion

to strongly censure my conception of the part I was rehearsing. One day he sent for me, and, with the recollection of his severe strictures in my mind, I concluded that he was about to tell me my services would no longer be required. It was with a very heavy heart I went to him. Imagine my surprise when he told me he had changed his mind, was going to produce 'Wild Oats,' and had cast me for a part in which he was sure I should make a great success, and he offered me a three years' engagement. Imagine the joy with which I went back to my colleagues and told them the news, on which they as heartily congratulated me as they had previously sympathetically condoled with me. That part was Lady Amaranth. Since then Mr. Wyndham has always cast me for the leading parts when they have come within my powers. So I suppose I am lucky."

"And the public regard you as a favourite," I urged.

"Do you know, I fancy I find women much more sympathetic to me than men," was Miss Moore's reply. "Ah, you smile, but it is a fact. You should see the charming letters I get from women—perfect strangers."

And then followed Miss Moore's views, *strong* ones, on men in general.

But at this point of the conversation the room was invaded by the children, a fine collie, and three pug dogs, and there was an end to all talk about the theatre. So, after the consoling cup of tea, I took my departure, and, as I made my way through the conservatory and down the garden path, I left this accomplished actress and charming woman standing in the midst of her boys and her dogs, as pretty a picture as one could wish to see.

THE SIR JAMES WHITEHEAD VOLUNTEER SHOOTING TROPHY.

In connection with the Patriotic Volunteer Fund, initiated and carried to a successful issue by Sir James Whitehead, M.P., during his tenure of office as Lord Mayor, a sum of money was voted for the purchase of a challenge trophy for annual competition among the various corps, and we now illustrate this magnificent specimen of the silversmith's craft,



which is in the form of a massive sterling silver gilt cup of the Renaissance period, standing 2 ft. 6 in. high, exclusive of the plinths, the cover surmounted by Sir James Whitehead's crest, an eagle, wings expanded, supporting with the dexter claw an escutcheon of the arms. The trophy was designed and manufactured throughout by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE ON TENNYSON.*

Mr. Brooke's volume is a noble literary monument to the memory of the great poet, whom he loves both wisely and well. There have been several "studies" of Tennyson; but æsthetically and critically Mr. Brooke's far excels all that preceded it. It is full of the keenly and widely appreciative sympathy, combined with acumen and discrimination, the display of which has already placed him in the front rank of living critics of poetry. Of the style it is enough to say that in felicity of expression Mr. Brooke's prose is not unworthy of the poetry which is his theme.

Apart from the elaborate introduction, of which more hereafter, Mr. Brooke adopts through most of his volume a chronological order; he begins with the first faint warble of Tennyson's juvenile muse, and traces the development of his genius and aims during sixty years of unwearied effort towards an ideal perfection. Tennyson's contributions to "The Poems of Two Brothers" (1828) Mr. Brooke frankly speaks of as "trash"; but in the volume of 1830 he sees the promise of a new and original singer, and finds it to some extent fulfilled in the volume of 1833. It contained "The Palace of Art," and very suggestive is Mr. Brooke's comment on that allegory of a soul which, loving beauty alone and shutting out love—in the widest sense of the word—reaped only despair, until, at last, there came to it a craving to exchange that lordly palace for "a cottage in the vale," since "love is of the valley." This, a little elaborated, is, Mr. Brooke says finely, "Tennyson's confession of the duties of his art and of the law of its practice, and it is characteristic of this conclusion that now, for the first time, he begins that poetry of common human life, of the daily life of child, and lover, and wife, and father and mother, of the sorrows and joys of men and women, which he wove all his life long with so much sweetness, tenderness, and power in homespun thread and colour, that there is no class, of whatever rank and knowledge, who will not take pleasure in it for all time, who will not love him for it. What Wordsworth had done for the beginning of this century Tennyson has done for the midst of it. He brought us into touch with the general human heart in the midst of human life. Shelley, Keats, and Byron had not done this, nor Southey, Coleridge, or Scott." To the "new departure" are due "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Dora," "The Talking Oak," and many a later idyl of modern life.

It was the volume of 1842, with such poems as "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," and the "Morte d'Arthur," that gained Tennyson universal recognition as a great poet. While dwelling, of course, on the beauty and matured artistic excellence of the general contents of the volume, Mr. Brooke points out the second "new departure" taken in such a poem as "Locksley Hall," in which "the rush of the lines is like the incoming of billows on the beach." Mr. Brooke speaks rather contemptuously of its hero as a "blustering youth." "But how modern it is," he adds, "how kindled Tennyson is, by the time in which he was living, how alive to its wants, its strife, its faults, its good! We are miles and miles away from the temper in which Keats or Shelley regarded their world." And so of the volume as a whole. The poet's horizon is enlarged. He takes a wider and deeper interest in human life, while his power as an artist has increased. "The thing to be said is always given a poetic turn; there is not a line of prose in the whole book. The subjects are worthy, are at our doors. They are still evolved out of his own consciousness, out of his own life and feeling, but they are moving on to the time when the subjects will come from without, when the thought and feeling of universal man will press on him and demand that he should express it. Not only the present, but the future is beginning to interest him—

For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have fled away."

This is just and subtle criticism.

"The Princess" was the first outcome of Tennyson's newly-awakened interest, personal and artistic, in the questions of his time. Mr. Brooke analyses the exquisite poem, and points out its beauties in detail with affectionate care. He is, on the whole, satisfied with its conclusion, and,

though a strenuous advocate of woman's rights and claims, he protests against Princess Ida's notion that knowledge alone will lift woman to an equality with man. One of the tendencies of such an error is, he thinks, to produce a "vanity of knowledge," which leads some "advanced" women to "deny or minimise the radical differences of sex," and this Mr. Brooke declares to be "an astonishing piece of folly." If "The Princess" is in his opinion the "most delightful," "Maud" is "the loveliest and most rememberable" of Tennyson's longer poems, though Mr. Brooke lectures its hero on his praise of war as a curative social agency, much as Mr. Gladstone, in his article on Tennyson in the *Quarterly Review*, lectured the same young gentleman on the same heresy. Mr. Brooke calls "In Memoriam" "that triumphal march of love," "a song of victory and life arising out of defeat and death, of peace which has forgotten doubt, of joy whose mother was sorrow, but who has turned his mother's heart into delight." His chapter on the "Idyls of the King" is especially valuable from its severance of those which are purely allegorical from the others, along with his account of the legend of "The Holy Grail" and subtle criticism on Tennyson's treatment of it. These brief indications are all that limitations of space permit.

The introduction might, I think, have more fitly closed than



THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.—L. LESLIE BROOKE.
Exhibited at the New Gallery.

opened the volume which contains most of the data on which Mr. Brooke's final estimate of Tennyson is based. Here Mr. Brooke says his last word on Tennyson as an artist, and defines his relations to Christianity and social politics. He comes to the conclusion that Tennyson was "more a Christian than a Theist," and on this delicate subject, as well as on the poet's twice-waged war with doubt, the reader will find much that is interesting, both in the introduction and in the chapter towards the end of the volume entitled "Speculative Theology." With the poet's relations to social politics, Mr. Brooke, however, is far from satisfied. Tennyson, in Mr. Brooke's view, looked too exclusively to the life beyond the grave for a solution of the problem of evil, and did not expect any fundamental amelioration of the lot of man on earth until millions of years should elapse. He lacked faith in progress and in the people. "Tennyson," Mr. Brooke says, "was never democratic at heart. He never understood what democracy in its reality meant, much less did he ever conceive its ideal. . . . His was the view of the common-sense, well-ordered Englishman—of Whiggism in her carriage with a very gracious smile for Conservatism in hers, and he tried, unhappily, as I think, to get this view into poetry." But in dwelling occasionally on what he regards as Tennyson's shortcomings—and Mr. Brooke is not sparing of purely literary criticism—he compares himself to "a patriot who draws attention to the imperfections of his country" simply because he loves it so well. "The permanence of the work of Tennyson is secure. Few are his failures, many his successes, and I trust that this study of him will make men who love him love him more, and those who do not yet love him find that constant pleasure." These are the closing words of Mr. Brooke's admirable volume, one which amply justifies the trust to which he gives well-founded expression.

F. E.

* "Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life," By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Isbister and Company, Limited. 1894.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

A CHAT WITH MISS ALICE HUGHES.

It has remained for a young English lady, Miss Alice Hughes, the daughter of the well-known portrait painter, to prove that there is still something to be done with the erstwhile despised camera and sensitive plate. Miss Hughes's charming drawing-room studios are filled with beauty, both literally and metaphorically; the lovely childish faces and graceful figures which are seen on all sides seem to be exquisite engravings or reproductions of delicate pastels rather than photographs as we have hitherto understood them, and it is easy to see that every figure must have been posed by one singularly full of artistic instinct, and who had studied both the old and new masters to some purpose.

Vox populi, vox Dei. Miss Hughes's singular aptitude for her work is best proved by a glance at the veritable book of beauty lying on one of the tables in the room where she receives her guests and makes appointments with would-be sitters. Scarcely any feminine figure well known in modern English society is absent from the collection; small wonder, therefore, that Miss Hughes is very autocratic, and has been known to refuse a sitting without apparent reason; for, as she herself remarks, "Everyone knows the limit of their capabilities and possibilities."

"I only began my work," observed Miss Hughes, in answer to a question put to her by a representative of *The Sketch*, "in a professional way about three years ago; but I had already had considerable success as an amateur photographer, both when reproducing my father's pictures and when taking portraits of my friends. I found that my attempts in this direction were so much appreciated that I determined to take up the work professionally, with the result you now know," she concluded, smiling.

"And have you any advice to offer to would-be photographers?"

"That is rather a serious question. Every artist has his or her own methods. Of course, I have many theories about my work, but I think that nearly the whole secret lies in the art of taking pains. I really believe that I owe a considerable portion of my success to the simple fact that I take immense trouble with everything I do, and, of course, this tells in my photographs."

"Then, do you study the peculiarities of each of your sitters?"

"Certainly, both before, during, and after the actual photographs have been taken. For instance, there is the question of costume. I sometimes modify that worn by my clients, and, in fact, possess not a few 'properties,' which are often extremely useful. Soft draperies and light colouring are almost the *sine quâ non* of a good photograph."

"Have you any special backgrounds?"

"Everything in my studio is arranged under my personal supervision. I prefer a garden or park background; but, of course, this entirely depends upon the nature of the group and costume worn."

"I suppose you leave the development and printing of your proofs to competent assistants?"

"Yes; when I first began my work I did everything myself, but now I employ quite an army of workers. Of course, I always operate myself, and every detail, such as retouching, spotting, and mounting, is regulated by me. Amateurs who wish to take up photography seriously should consider," continued Miss Hughes, thoughtfully, "what it really means. Success in anything can only be obtained by constant effort. The greatest artistic knowledge without a capacity for taking pains is worse

than no good. Few people realise what a finished photograph really means and the complicated processes which have to be gone through before it can be sent out."



MISS HUGHES'S RECEPTION ROOM.

"You must see some strange sides of human nature, Miss Hughes—but perhaps this is an indiscreet question?"

Miss Hughes smiled. "The photographer, certainly, has many opportunities of seeing character at its best and worst; but I should tell you



MISS ALICE HUGHES.

to follow the wishes of my sitters, the ultimate result would often please them far less than when I take the matter into my own hands."

"And children, Miss Hughes—do you enjoy taking their portraits?"

"Very much," she answered, laughing; "they are easier to take than many people fancy—that is, if you can engage their attention and keep them amused. My dog Negro"—pointing to the splendid black poodle who is in himself so valuable a stage property—"is a source of endless amusement and pleasure, and many of the little ones who come here enjoy nothing better than to be taken with him."

"One word more: do you think that photography opens up a new field for the employment of women?"

"Not more so than any other kind of work. The plant is expensive. I, as you know, live at home, and had really a great deal of experience before I ever thought of taking up photography as a profession. It is more difficult than people know to make both ends meet, and girls taking up anything fresh are too apt to forget the trite old saying which declares that 'Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.'"

MR. EDWARD HUGHES.

Mr. Edward Hughes, the father of Miss Alice Hughes, and the painter of the portrait on the opposite page, although he bears a name well known in the annals of this century's art, is himself little known outside his own circle of friends and associates. Had he been born thirty years earlier, he would probably, like his more illustrious namesake, have enrolled himself in the rank of Pre-Raphaelites. His work is always conscientious and often refined, and in many of his portraits, especially in those in chalk, he has displayed qualities which should have placed him high among the artists in that medium. As a rule, he has been more successful with ladies than with men, and, perhaps, even more with children than with adults. He seems to have an instinctive sympathy with children's feelings and aspirations. Mr. Hughes has on several occasions painted a figure subject with ideal motives; but, as a rule, he has avoided dealing with mere abstractions, finding in the realities of life sufficient to satisfy an artist who has within himself that poetic and intuitive faculty which is too often absent from the merely skilful draughtsman.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



Photo by Alice Hughes.

MRS. RUPERT MASON.—FROM A PORTRAIT BY EDWARD HUGHES.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. RUPERT MASON, OF ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

ART NOTES.

The Academy excitement is now a thing of the past; and the various questions as to its excellence or its deficiency are now matters upon which speculation is quite vain. Nevertheless, there is a certain pleasure in looking back upon the artistic wonders of the year and in discussing generally the success and the failure of old familiar brushes and the comparative success of new and untried men.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that English art, once it is embraced by fingers which we choose to call distinguished, becomes, as a rule, considerably monotonous. Sir Frederic Leighton has a noble sense of rhythm, doubtless: his drapery is distinguished, his colour is personal. Therefore, year in and year out one sees very much of the same things from the hand of the President. This year, as we have been at some pains to point out, Sir Frederic pleases us by no novelty. His "Spirit of the Summit" is poetical in idea and accomplished in achievement. By reason of its very monotony, it is not peculiarly impressive.

Mr. Henry Moore, indeed, does not come forward for appreciation with his old blue seas, splendid as those seas undoubtedly were. In this respect he surprises and delights; but take the Academicians and the Associates all in all, there is little from the brushes of these professional artists which is in any way different from work to which we have long been accustomed.

Mr. Luke Fildes has, indeed, a nobler subject than usual, but he does not treat it with any greater skill than that which he has displayed in years past;



BUTTERCUPS.—ARTHUR WARDLE.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



PENELOPE.—PAUL LEROY.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

and we regret that we are not able to say that the Princess of Wales has been treated with any greater distinction than Mrs. Agnew.

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, on the other hand, who, half-a-dozen years or so ago, leaped into notoriety and a certain kind of fame by the extraordinary truth with which he realised the common events of outdoor existence, now shows his skill in the merest commonplaces of objective dullness. Nothing could be conceivably duller than this outdoor subject by Mr. Forbes this year. There is nearly no beauty in it, and even its realism is far from being attractive.

Mr. Frank Bramley, who has hitherto, in the same school, proved himself worthy of great things, again this year exaggerates all his former exquisiteness, and attempts to carry his banner to victory by methods which are practically inexcusable. These methods are chiefly inexcusable by reason of their extraordinary swagger and vanity. It seems to us most inexplicable that the clever artist who was capable of producing work so peculiarly pathetic and noble as "The Hopeless Dawn" should this year bring himself forward in the name of an art so uninteresting and busily pedantic.

By avenues such as this we reach the sad conclusion that artists who have already attained a considerable reputation by work which of old we have frankly admired are now content to rest upon that antique fame, and care no longer to produce work that is newly convincing, freshly interesting. We do not mean to imply that this lack of effort is a conscious deficiency on the part of artists whose work is supposed to dignify the Academy in an especial manner, but the fact is there, and cannot be withstood or gainsaid.



THE GATE AT LUCKNOW.—JOHN VARLEY.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street.



THE DAY'S WORK DONE, SUTTON COURTNEY.—BLANDFORD FLETCHER.
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to confess that the younger school has compensated in any way for the monotony of the older and more professional artist. Mr. Clausen, indeed, does not come under this category, and in his picture of this year, "Turning the Plough," his colour and his sensitiveness to atmosphere are, as ever, amazingly beautiful and tender. We must, therefore, rank him with such younger and fresher painters as Miss Noyes, who by their youth and freshness seem to point to new and nobler heights.

It is depressing, is it not, this sad record? How, each year, have we not welcomed youth and new thought and freshness, which all now seem to recede into a past of quiet commonplace and personal mannerism, so that we now have little hope and little delight in a future from those from whom once we hoped so much.

Messrs. Elkington and Company have had the honour of submitting for her Majesty's inspection a fine art vase, recently completed by their principal artist, entitled "The Three Queens Vase."

The Manchester Art Gallery Committee has done an admirable thing in issuing an illustrated catalogue of its treasures. The catalogue has been compiled by Mr. Stanfield, the curator, who has supplied ample notes to each of the 171 pictures in the collection, while sixty-two of them are reproduced by process work. This treatment of a gallery might be followed with great advantage by other towns.

The retired list of the Royal Academicians grows apace. Mr. Edward Armitage has now resigned what "Atlas" calls his "Academician-ship." It is, perhaps, a little hard on the remaining R.A.'s that the same paragraph which announces the fact adds that it would be invidious to say how many of these would do well to follow Mr. Armitage's example. It is true that ten of his artistic brethren are his seniors, and that Mr. Armitage has held his Academic honours for nearly a quarter of a century. Nevertheless, it would be tyrannical, save in extreme cases, to make any emphatic suggestion as to others.

The assembly which will elect a successor to Mr. Armitage will meet on Friday, and the result can by no means be prophesied at present. Every speculation is, of course, flying about, although in the election of an Academician there is, naturally, far less excitement than in the case of an Associate's election. However, if the new man is to be selected from the ranks of painters, it seems likely that it will be one of the six freely mentioned—Messrs. Boughton, Val Prinsep, Leader, Brett, Crofts, or Colin Hunter.

Mr. Edward T. Reed excelled himself in the prehistoric view of the Royal Academy which appeared in *Punch* the other day. The likenesses of some of our popular painters were strikingly successful, and the general idea of the sketch was most ludicrously funny.



THE HUNI DAWAZA FROM THE CHANDI CHOUK, DELHI: JUMMA MUSJID IN DISTANCE.
JOHN VARLEY.

PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION OF EARLY ITALIAN ART, AT THE NEW GALLERY



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.—CORREGGIO.
Reproduced by permission of the owner, the Earl of Carlisle.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—CORREGGIO
(OR HIS SCHOOL).
Reproduced by permission of the owner, Mr. James Knowles.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ENTHRONED.
EARLY FLORENTINE SCHOOL.
Reproduced by permission of the owner, Mr. Charles Butler.



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.—PERUGINO.
Reproduced by permission of the owner, Captain G. L. Holford.



DIANA AND ACTÆON.—FLORENTINE SCHOOL.
Reproduced by permission of the owner, Sir E. Burne-Jones.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DAUBY, A.R.A. (to lady art student): "Yes, Miss Smith, the Old Masters used to mix their colours with brains in those days."

MISS SMITH: "Oh! how cruel."



NEWSBOY : " Paper, Sir ? "

[No answer.

NEWSBOY : " Paper, Sir ? "

[No answer.

NEWSBOY : " 'Orrible explosion in Jerusalem ! "

MAY 23, 1891.



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CHAT WITH A SUCCESSFUL ANTI-SABBATARIAN.

"He won't be happy till he gets it" seems to be the motto of Alderman Treloar, of the ward of Farringdon Without, the man who this year, in the teeth of very keen opposition, has succeeded in making a big step towards the realisation of a rational Sunday. I found him at business



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.
ALDERMAN TRELOAR.

early in the morning—at least, early for me—a powerful, well-built man, with a strong, kindly face and "pepper-and-salt" hair and beard. A big man he is, with the look of energy and force that explains the way in which he has won his battle on the Common Council.

"It has been a hard fight, Mr. *Sketch*," he said, "and to us one of great importance, for we consider that it is the thin end of the wedge—I might say even the thick end. I have always wanted to keep our library, museum, and permanent picture gallery open on Sundays, so I thought that this splendid loan exhibition of pictures might be a test case and help us forward."

"When did the battle begin?" I asked.

"Oh, in '79 Mr. Deputy Bedford tried to get the library, &c., opened, and lost by a majority of seventy. On the 1st of last March the campaign about the loan exhibition began. I made a motion that the loan exhibition should be open on Sundays. Someone moved the 'previous question.' We won by nine. Then they tried to adjourn the debate, and lost by eight; after that they tried to adjourn the Court, and were defeated by twelve. Then the Lord Mayor asked me to consent to adjourn till a special day, and I consented."

"Then, of course, you went round among your friends and worked on them?"

"Oh, yes; some were strange, too. 'I'm not a bigot,' said one, 'but I shall have to vote against you. No one wants to see the pictures on Sunday: no one comes to the City on Sunday.' Another said, 'Of course, I'm no bigot, but I oppose you; you really ought not to bring a rabble down to the City on Sunday.' Well, we had a pretty big meeting next time, and set to work voting without any preliminary

talk; both sides meant business. 'Eighty-eight all!' cried the tellers. Now, the Lord Mayor had voted with us in the eighty-eight, and had a casting vote and gave it to us, so we triumphed. A short lived triumph! Mr. Morton, M.P., had by mistake gone into the wrong lobby, but the tellers had allowed him to correct his vote and give it to us. This got known. Next meeting Mr. Wood made a motion to amend the minutes and strike Mr. Morton's vote off our list, and he carried his motion by ninety-three to eighty-eight."

"It seems rather like hitting below the belt," I suggested.

"Well, I wasn't going to be done," he said—and when he said it looked as if no one ever would "do" him—"so as I could not repeat my old motion, on April 12 I moved that it should be open on alternate Sundays. Mr. J. Harris seconded, and after a sharp fight we carried it by eighty-seven to seventy-nine. It seems absurd to have it open only on alternate days; looks to the Sabbatarians as if we could suspend the commandment twice a month, but not every week."

"I suppose you didn't go down the first Sunday—afraid of a demonstration?"

"You're right, quite right. Here's a letter that I got from Lieut.-Colonel Smith, Commissioner of Police, about the people. Here, quote this bit: 'On 22nd April 2369 and on 6th May 3537 people passed the turnstile—artisans, clerks, warehousemen, and shop employees forming the majority. There was no disorder whatever on either occasion, the duties of the police being confined to regulating the rate of admission as the crowds became dense.' Isn't that good?"

"I am glad to hear of the class of people who went—people who can't go on week-days and really need art culture."

"You're right, quite right," he answered eagerly. "Why, those are the people our League has in mind—the people who help to pay for our museums and galleries of pictures, and really never can get inside them, as they're closed on Sundays; but we shall change all that."

"You're President of the National Sunday League, aren't you? I saw a report of a banquet at the Portman Rooms and presentation to you of a statuette of yourself by Mr. Owen Hale. Alderman Sir David Evans, K.C.M.G., presented it, didn't he?"

"Yes, yes; it was very gratifying to me and to my wife. We're a hard-working League; we have made great progress, too. Yes; bands in the parks, Sunday excursions to the country, and the opening of all our national institutions on what should be a day for rest and recreation. Last Sunday, Lord and Lady Tweedmouth and the Lord Mayor went to the loan collection. My friend Mr. Cook, too, went—you know him—yes, the traveller's friend and tourist's guide—and says the people are just of the classes that we want to touch."

"You are a book-lover, are you not, Mr. Alderman?"

"Why, yes; but how did you guess that, eh?"

"Physiognomy is a wonderful science," I replied; "and to the real student of Lavater it was easy to guess—particularly, seeing that you have Quaritch's catalogue on the desk."

"Yes; I love books, and buy a good many—not so many now as I used to. I've written one, too. 'Ludgate Hill, Past and Present' it is called, and it has reached a second edition. I was born on the Hill. For school, I went to King's College. In due course I came into the business. The then state of Ludgate Hill made me enter the Court of Common Council, with the object of helping to get the thoroughfare widened. I worked hard at it, but, though I have received most gratifying expressions of the appreciation of my neighbours for the efforts I have been able to make in the matter, I do not claim any credit for the result. By-the-by, it was I who got ballot-voting into our elections. They used to be conducted quite openly, and everyone knew exactly how the votes were given. I thought it a bad system, and suggested the ballot. I was laughed at for my pains by the Council."

"I imagine that that put your back up?"

"At any rate, I put my back into it, sent round a circular to all the electors in the ward—Farringdon Without is the biggest—in fact, we are one-sixth of the City in number and one-eighth in value, though



Photo by J. D. Meiland, Borough High Street, S.E.

THE CROWD WAITING FOR ADMISSION TO THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY.

there are twenty-six wards. With the circular was a reply postcard, and answers came in six to one in favour of the ballot. That staggered the Council. They referred the matter to a committee to make inquiries, and, of course, the committee recommended the ballot, and we won the day."

"And when shall we have the pleasure of seeing you Lord Mayor Treloar, and will you ask me to dinner?"

"Some ten years must go by. I was 'boots'—that is, junior Alderman—till to-day. Now I've gone up one. There are twenty-six Aldermen—half of them passed the chair—so you can calculate my position, Mr. *Sketch*. Yes; I admire your paper—readable, entertaining, go-ahead, and plenty for the money, with a wonderful collection of advertisements. Seeing how young you are, there must be brains and 'go' in every department—editorial, business, advertising, and all. Oh, yes; I'll ask you to dinner when I'm Lord Mayor. By-the-bye, do mention that the Dulwich Picture Gallery is open on Sundays, that Colchester follows suit, and that our loan exhibition is open till the end of June. Indeed, it will be open on Sunday, July 1, though that was not originally in the scheme. You must come some Sunday; won't you? No; the invitation is not instead of the invitation to dinner in ten years' time. And——"

Interviewers who have tact know the "and" of the busy man that, like the "and now" of the parson, contains a hint and a promise, so I got a grasp of the hand—so cordial that I could not write for the next hour or two—and left him, spying on my way out a lovely Persian carpet that I should attempt to annex if the City Police were not so formidable a body.

MONOCLE.

TENT-PEGGING CHALLENGE TROPHY.

The original tent-pegging cup having been won three times by the 18th Bengal Lancers, it passed permanently into their possession in 1892. The illustration represents the leading figure, "Taken!" of Miss Elizabeth Thompson's celebrated picture, now in the possession of Mrs. Seymour Barrow, by whose courtesy the artist has been permitted to copy and produce it in statuette form. In the tent-pegging tournament held at Mian Mir in 1893 the present centre-piece was competed for



for the first time, and was won by the 18th Bengal Lancers. The 1894 tournament has been won by the 19th Bengal Lancers, who retain the trophy until the next tournament. The statuette, being a challenge trophy, can never pass permanently to any regiment. It was designed and manufactured in solid silver by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, from whom miniatures of the statuette may be obtained.

A BICYCLIST IN BULGARIA.

Under date of May 5, Mr. R. L. Jefferson, who is riding from London to Constantinople on a bicycle, writes to the Coventry Machinists' Company from Sofia, Bulgaria: "You will be pleased to know that I have reached thus far, and am within measurable distance of the end of my journey. I have nothing but praise for the 'Swift.' In spite of awful and mountainous roads from Belgrade, it has stood the strain splendidly. At the Servo-Bulgarian frontier I was knocked off by some villagers, and a determined attempt was made to smash the machine. Beyond a slight damage to the front part, which I was afterwards able to repair, this was not accomplished, and the bicycle still goes cheerily."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

One of the most amusing events of recent times is the sudden tempest in the Opéra Comique that has arisen since Mr. Bard Buchanan hatched his "Society Butterfly" and Mr. Critical Clement (himself, alas! the sweet minstrel of the Alhambra) did his best to pin the unfortunate insect to a cork. Both the combatants are used to conflict with each other and others; neither is likely to be in any way damaged, however furiously the battle may rage; and, if only the critic would take up the gauntlet and lose his temper, the spectacle would be one of unalloyed bliss to the public in general.

But I fear the champion of the "*D. T.*" does not pine for the fray. In his interview with a sympathising journalist he assumed the meek and humble attitude of misunderstood benevolence. He had never, never attacked the bard, nor anyone, in fact; his remarks concerning the "Society Butterfly" were mere kindness; and it was a gross breach of professional etiquette to assume that he was the author of the criticism in question—*et patati et patata*, as our Gallic neighbours say.

Now, herein is the great critic too modest, with that false modesty which is the curse of the contemporary journalist; for it is well known that the *Daily Telegraph* possesses two dramatic critics, of whom one is Mr. Clement Scott and the other isn't. And, furthermore, Mr. Scott, by his signed articles in various journals, has familiarised the public with his own very distinctive style. The only way to disguise the authorship of a "*D. T.*" criticism would be for one critic to parody the other assiduously. This is not being done: anybody who is at all familiar with dramatic criticisms can recognise Mr. Clement Scott's work by the time he has read six words of it. "We do know the sweet Roman hand," though, perhaps, our modern father of criticism may be described as Clemens Corinthius rather than Romanus.

Although the critic has little right to reproach the bard with disregarding what is, after all, only a *secret de Polichinelle*, he has fair ground for complaint at being singled out for recrimination because of his notice of the recent "Society play." It would have been better for him to follow the same conventional method as the other critics—that of pointing out the defects and merits, if any, of the piece, and thus safeguarding himself from special retaliation; but the difference between his method and those of the other critics was not enough to be important. The *Telegraph* abstained from saying a word concerning the piece, and merely stated that the audience, without hissing or hooting, "silently stole away," after the courteous fashion understood to be in vogue among the cultured circles of America. Mr. Buchanan, in his address from the stage, declared that the audience did not go away, but stayed to the end—some to applaud, some, he admits, to hoot. The latter were, of course, members of a cabal. They always are.

The real question at issue is not the merits of the play, but a simple matter of fact. Did the audience, or any considerable part of it, go out in silence, or did all the audience stay till the end, and a few hoot? If the critic has made a mistake, no doubt that is his misfortune rather than his fault; it may be that, having gone out early himself, *cum suis*, he inferred that everyone had gone; he may even have thought the two statements more or less identical. But where does the "malignant" element come in? Had he remarked that everybody who did not go away stayed to hoot, or that everybody who stayed went away to hoot, or that everybody who went to hoot stayed away—but I am getting mixed. All I mean to say is that the *Telegraph* criticism was not more damaging to the play than the estimates given in other journals—indeed, less so; for it was concerned merely with the attitude of the audience, and left the reader no wiser than before as to the piece. Therefore, such a reader might well have been stimulated to see for himself; I do not know whether he was, but the critic is entitled to proper credit for his kind intention.

Some of our dramatic critics—and in this the younger men are very much worse than the critics of standing—are adopting a tone that may fairly rouse the wrath of dramatists less easily provoked to retort than Mr. Robert Buchanan. That a miserable dramatist, who has only spent some months of his time and some hundreds or thousands of his own or another's money, should dare to bring some slovenly, unhandsome play between the back cloth and the critic's nobility for two or three hours! That he, the great man—I mean, of course, the critic—should be expected to listen seriously to such nonsense, and remember sufficient of it to give some notion of the plot and language to his readers of a day or two after! The mere thought of these facts seems sometimes to drive a critic into a frenzy of contemptuous rage.

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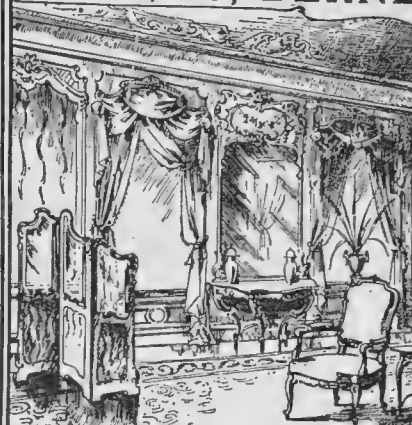
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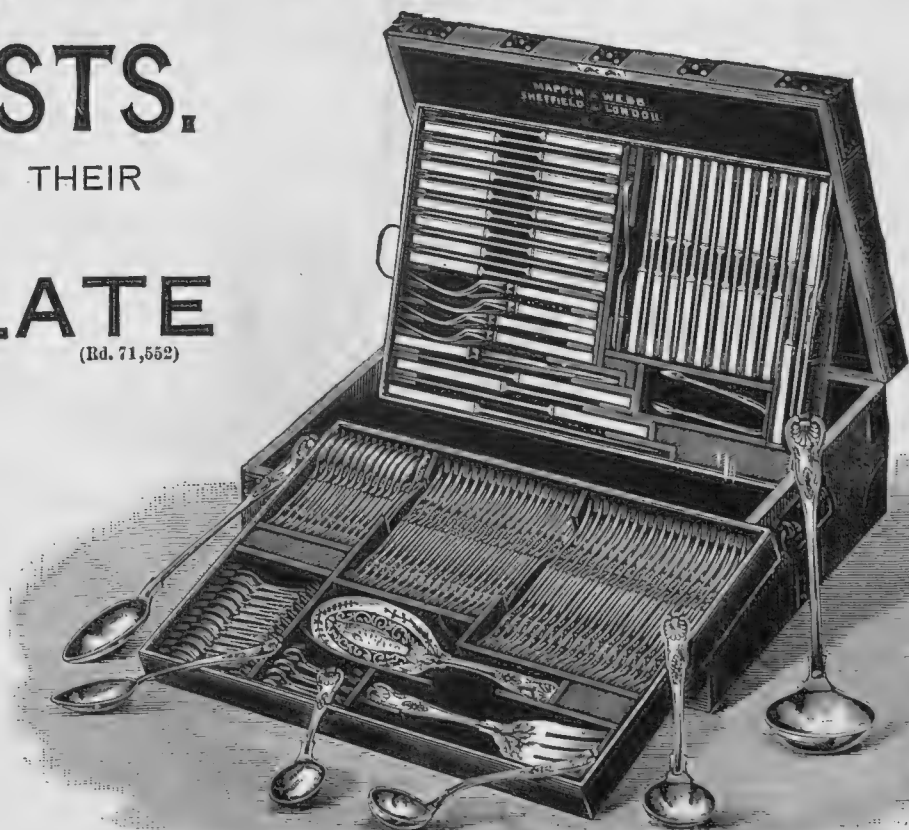
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The Dead Man at the Wheel.

FIVE years ago this present summer (1893) an English sailing-ship was struggling and tumbling in the midst of a cyclonic gale in the South Atlantic. As a part of the effort to bring the ship to the wind, the mate sang out to the man at the wheel to put the helm hard over. Seeing that the man made no movement to obey the order, the mate rushed to him in a fit of rage. On getting in front of him, the officer looked for an instant and ejaculated, "MY GRACIOUS!" The poor steersman's eyes were turned up in their sockets, the upper lip was withdrawn from the teeth, and the facial muscles fixed as though cast in bronze. He was dead, with his horny fingers still gripping the spokes. A stroke of lightning had done the job in a fraction of a second. He may have heard the first words of the mate's order and been deaf to all the others. But how long was the electric battery in the heavens loading for that fatal shot? Tell me that.

But, you say, not many people are struck dead that way. True; not many, comparatively. There are things, however— Well, here's an incident that may help you to understand.

In February 1890, Mr. George Martin, of 92, Dynevor Road, Stoke Newington, London, was working at Chingford. One day, while thus engaged, a sharp pain struck across the

small of his back. The writer of these lines once had that same pain strike him while he was washing his hands at a sink in his own house, and fell to the floor as though a musket-ball had gone through him. Millions of men—it's nearly always men, seldom women—have been dumped to the ground that way without having the ghost of an idea what ailed them. And lots of 'em have died in from ten to thirty days afterwards, and some in less than thirty minutes in convulsions. That, too, understand, without any previous intimation of anything being the matter with them. The doctors will call such a style of taking off by any of a dozen names—commonly *uræmia*. What's that? Wait a bit. Let's get on with Martin's experience first.

The pain he speaks of disabled him as a blow from a club might have done. Or rather, he says, it felt like the thrust of a knife. He dropped his work and set out for home, but had trouble enough getting there because he could not use his back. Every attempt to walk or to stir brought on the agony again. Finally, however, he reached home, and sent for a doctor immediately, who said he was suffering from gravel, and prescribed some medicine. Getting worse, he consulted successively two other doctors. The last of these medical gentlemen assured him he had stone in the bladder.

Well, the last doctor recommended Mr. Martin to go to a hospital. So he went. He became a

patient in the University College Hospital. This was in April 1890. Whilst there he passed a stone, suffering excruciating pain as the hard, angular substance tore the tender passages. Improving a little by and by, he returned to his work, but was never well. In a letter dated April 20, 1893, he says: "Often I had to give up my work for a few days at a time. For two years I was in this condition, suffering awfully. Finding the doctor's medicine did me no good, I made up my mind to try a medicine that three years ago cured my sister, Mrs. Memery, of Chelson, Torquay, after the doctors said she was incurable. I began taking it in November 1891, and in two weeks a second stone came from me. But no more. I was soon as well as ever. This medicine—which was Seigel's Syrup—cleared all the gravel from my system without giving me any pain. I have never had any signs of the complaint since.—(Signed) George Martin."

We beg to shake hands with Mr. Martin. Probably he does not realise how narrow an escape he had from chronic and a deadly disease. The shock that struck him at Chingford was the opening gun, the first *sensible* touch of the poison—*uræmia*—kidney secretion, uric acid, in the blood. His case has a history of indigestion and dyspepsia—the foundation and cause of it all. Gravel, or stone, is formed by the uric acid uniting chemically with the alkalies of the body. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures by expelling the acid and preventing the formation of more. *But keep an eye on your digestion.* That's where the deadly bolt is forged.

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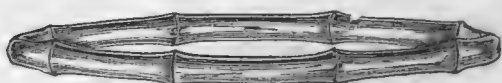
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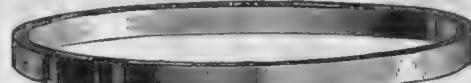
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MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S BOOK.*

There are some novels which a reviewer takes up with trepidation, apprehensive of desperately hard reading. I had this dread of "Marcella," for I remembered how I plodded through "David Grieve," with a growing conviction of sin and penitential toil. Moreover, a book to which the London daily papers devote columns on a given morning, as if their readers were dying of intellectual hunger, and had to be fed all at once with copious extracts, is to me an object of suspicion. This method of proclaiming a masterpiece is like Sir Francis Jeune's suggestion at the festive board of the booksellers that Mrs. Humphry Ward is a second George Eliot. It provokes a mood which is anything but that of docile acquiescence. Mr. Andrew Lang, who ought to be more circumspect, once described Mr. W. E. Norris as the "Thackeray of a later day," and that unlucky phrase has soured my relish of the deserving Mr. Norris ever since. It is true that in reading "Marcella" one may have an instinctive reminiscence of "Middlemarch," and for this reason: "Middlemarch" pictures very vividly the country life of England, especially the life of the landed gentry, at the beginning of the Reform era. "Marcella," with less success, but with an equally distinct aim, shows us this country life in our own day, touched by the modern democratic idea. Sixty years of reform have written "Ichabod" on the old order of dominant landlordism, and Mrs. Ward strives to illustrate the intellectual and moral effects of so great a change upon

and slightly cynical critic, Mrs. Boyce is almost a stroke of genius, and her personality may remain in the reader's memory longer even than Marcella's. But it is the passionate intensity of that young woman which fuses the whole story. Marcella belongs to a county family which has a considerable blemish on its 'scutcheon. In spite of this, she captivates Aldous Raeburn—Aldous is a gritty name for a lover—the heir of the principal magnate in her social sphere. She is not in love with him, but she proposes to use his wealth and station to promote the Socialism which she has learned from some young philosophers in London. Marcella has considerable brains, but it is a perfervid sense of justice that animates her crusade against the propertied classes. She snubs a great nobleman publicly because there have been ugly revelations about the housing of the labourers on his estate. She is zealous in her devotion to the cottagers on her father's land, who are more embarrassed and perplexed than grateful. She is specially interested in a poacher, who shoots a keeper, and she breaks with her lover, who, despite his conscientious objections to the Game Laws, refuses to condone murder. It is at this point that she comes under the influence of Mr. Harry Wharton, a Radical politician of excellent intentions and easy scruples, a kind of Tito Melema, transported from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. Mr. Wharton saves her life, defends her poacher, enters ardently into her views, plays skilfully on the whole gamut of her nature, and, having escaped ruin by a financial transaction which is bluntly denounced later as a betrayal of the interests entrusted to him by the trade unionists, whose cause he has eloquently championed in Parliament,

he proposes to marry Marcella, who has broken her first engagement virtually for his sake. The life of a hospital nurse in London has chastened her zeal for the reconstruction of society and cleared her perceptions; but she is still so far subjugated by Wharton's personal force that she might have married him, in spite of his sordid treason to the principles he professed, had he appealed at the crucial instant to her womanly mercy. "If at that moment he had confessed himself fully, if he had thrown himself upon her in the frank truth of his mixed character—and he could have done it with a Rousseau-like completeness—it is difficult to say what the result of this scene might have been. In the midst of shock and repulsion she was filled with pity, and there were moments when she was more drawn to his defeat and undoing than she had ever been to his success." It is this note of womanhood on which Mrs. Ward insists throughout, to the great wrath, I daresay, of those social reformers who would have us believe that women are loftily superior to their affections. In the end, Marcella makes amends to Raeburn and accepts the inequalities of society, tempering them with a fervent belief that landlordism may be at least a model of the social virtues while it lasts.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

THE STOCKS, MRS. WARD'S RESIDENCE, ALDBURY, WHERE "MARCELLA" WAS WRITTEN.

a society which has resigned the ideal of government by the few and seeks to adapt itself to forces it is powerless to resist. The hero is a cultivated Conservative, with an almost painfully acute sense of his social obligations; the heroine is governed by impulses of altruism; the evil genius is an unprincipled demagogue who nearly deceives the elect; the hero's dearest friend is a reformer who thinks the dangers of Socialism can be combated only by a humanitarian individualism: and the background of the story is occupied by Labour movements, the Fabian Society, the feud between the Collectivists and the old Radical school of manufacturers, the jealousies of trade union leaders—in short, all the alarms and excursions of the latest social problems. It is Mrs. Ward's ambition to make her novel vibrate with all the unrest of the time, and if this is done with such artistic skill as to subordinate the political and social ferment to the play of character and the conflict of passions, then "Marcella" is a mighty fine performance. But to turn all these elements into a sort of laborious stew—"bubble, bubble, toil and trouble"—mixing the heel of a capitalist with the bob-tail of a strike and the jawbone of a Fabian economist, so that the whole has a savour less of art than of an abortive pamphlet, is to court disaster.

I am rejoiced to say this has not happened. When I read "Marcella" the pangs of "David Grieve" gat no hold upon me. True, the beginning of the story is rather ominous, for the account of Marcella Boyce's childhood is a curious remnant of Mrs. Ward's inexperience. A more practised hand would not have needed some fifty pages to sketch the heroine's temperament when she was a neglected child in short frocks. Papa Boyce, who has a discreditable past, is something of a bore; but his wife is a remarkable creation, perhaps the most remarkable in the book. A woman with a broken heart, with a pride subdued by years of suffering to a reticent irony, playing in her daughter's life the part of a disinterested

In this aspect Mrs. Ward's novel will, let us hope, present itself as a wholesome stimulus to the landed gentry; but whether it does or not, and whether or not it deserves to be considered an accurate study of social forces, it is certainly a brilliant picture of some contemporary phases of life, and it has many scenes of intensely moving humanity. That great test of successful dramatisation—the feeling that you are an actual auditor in every crisis of the story—can be applied to this book with very little reserve. In all her moods Marcella has a vitality which carries you through many pages with complete absorption in the narrative. When that glamour has passed off, you may turn here and there to a passage which seems cumbrous and overstrained; you may note that some of the characters, notably Hallin, the gentle student who is supposed to exercise so strong an influence upon the popular agitators and the aristocratic Raeburn alike, are drawn in very shadowy outline; you may think that the expedient by which Raeburn and Marcella are brought together in the London "slum" after their long estrangement is rather commonplace; but, on the other hand, the chief actors of the drama are so real, its motive power so great, and its outlook on the world so large and varied, that my personal debt to "Marcella" for intellectual and emotional pleasure represents a very large item in a ledger which has rather scanty entries.

L. F. A.

HER OBJECT.

Mabelle is a pretty girl,
And she wears a little curl
In the middle of her lovely little forehead.
Of the little curl she feels
Very proud, for it conceals
A little freckle which she thinks is "horrid."—*Judge.*

* "Marcella." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

One of the most pleasing things about the benefit of "Boy Briggs" was the fact that each of the Yorkshire professionals handed the little Lancashire lad a sovereign. It is unfortunate when benefit matches come to a too speedy conclusion. The Middlesex and Somerset match, for the benefit of Sherwin, was practically all over in one day, while the Lancashire and Yorkshire match lasted only a day and a half.

I understand, however, that the Lancashire Club will see that Briggs gets not less than £1000 as his portion, while the gentlemen of the M.C.C. and others will probably see that Sherwin gets something approaching the four figures. The lot of the professional cricketer is not altogether an unhappy one. It is passing strange, though, that Sherwin should have to look for his benefit to two counties with which he has no manner of connection. It also shows how generous Somerset and Middlesex can be.

Although Yorkshire won the championship last year, they were twice beaten by Lancashire. The Tykes made a better start this season by beating Lancashire in a single innings, and, as far as one can see, the Yorkshiremen give every promise of retaining premier position.

Surrey, too, were fortunate enough to bowl over Notts with an innings to spare, although it must be remarked that neither Gunn nor Shrewsbury was able to take part in the game. Middlesex also made a good start by a ten-wicket defeat of Somerset, although the latter had a good team, which included, for the first time, Mr. Gay, the ex-Cambridge wicket-keeper.

In the midst of our congratulations, one must not omit "poor old Gloucester," who opened the season with a well-merited win over Sussex.

So far, Warwickshire are the surprise packet of the year. They go forth conquering and to conquer. At the time of writing Kent were their latest victims, but I shall not be surprised to see that they have again defeated Notts in the match which finishes to-day. The Birmingham people are quite wild with delight over the success of their team. Bowling was thought to be the weak point of the Warwickshire men, but up to date it has been one of their strongest points. When Whitehead fails, as he did against Kent, Pallett is sure to come off, while Shilton can usually get a wicket, and Santall is not at all bad at a pinch.

I am glad to see something like a cricket revival in Essex. The club had a long struggle under great pecuniary difficulties, but it is now

being better supported by the public, and, doubtless, the interest will grow now that Essex has been elevated to the rank of a first-class county. Mr. O. R. Borradaile, the secretary of the Essex Club, has been indefatigable in his labours for the benefit of the county during the past three years, and to his untiring energy and pluck is due a great deal of the present improved position of the county. He was appointed secretary of the club in October, 1890. He was secretary of the well-known Stoics for sixteen years, and for the past ten seasons has managed the M.C.C. Sussex College tour. Four times he has scored centuries in important matches, twice for the M.C.C. and twice for



Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

MR. O. R. BORRADAILE.

the Stoics. Mr. Borradaile is still a young man. He was born on May 9, 1859, at St. Mary's Parsonage, Vincent Square, Westminster, and is a son of the late Rev. Abram Borradaile, who was captain of the Westminster eleven about 1841.

The success of Pougher, the Leicestershire professional, with bat and ball proves him to be one of the best all-round men in England. Playing against Essex, he scored 114 for once out, and captured fourteen wickets for 89 runs. Those who have any difficulty in pronouncing the name of Pougher need only be told that it rhymes with "duffer"—which he is not.

Congratulations to L. G. Wright, of Derby, who scored 53 and 171 (not out) against Hampshire. Mr. Wright, who was born at Oxford on Jan. 15, 1862, has played for Derbyshire since 1883, but it is only within the last half-dozen years that he has come to the front as a really good batsman.

Only a couple of county matches are down for decision to-morrow. At the Oval we will see the first of the matches between Surrey and

Middlesex—a match that always produces plenty of good cricket and no end of excitement. Much will depend upon the issue of this match, which is always put down as one of the doubtfuls. Yorkshire, however, should have no great difficulty in overcoming Sussex at Brighton.

Next Monday will see Gloucestershire and the Graces at Lord's, where they will try to repeat their last year's feat in defeating Middlesex. I don't think they will succeed. On the same day Yorkshire will open against Notts at Nottingham, which should mean a fairly easy win for the Tykes. Once more Warwickshire will be seen in London, when they meet Essex at Leyton. In this match a victory for the visitors is what one might reasonably expect.

GOLF.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has been defeated in the Parliamentary Golf Handicap Competition. Some people seem to be under the delusion that Mr. Balfour is in the very front rank of golfers. This is not the case. He is an exceptionally good second-class man.

Mr. Muir Fergusson's score of 79 at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club is one stroke better than the record made in the Medal Competition by Mr. Peter Anderson last season. At the Whitsun meeting of the St. George's Club, Sandwich, Mr. Muir Fergusson secured the scratch medal of the club with a score of 87.

Rolland and White had a runaway victory by seven up and five to play in their match against W. Park, jun., and Hugh Kirkaldy over the Worlington course. The professionals were loud in their praise of the course. With the improvements being made, it is expected to rank soon among the best of the inland courses of the country.

AQUATICS.

The Canadian scullers, John Ryan and Joseph Wright, have been in daily practice on the river in view of the Henley Regatta. Clasper has been making a boat for the Canadians, with which they are greatly delighted. Her weight, including the American fittings, comprising swivel rowlocks and sliding seat, which are somewhat heavy, is 32 lb. Another aspirant to Diamond Scull honours was also afloat during the morning in the person of the Hon. R. Guinness, in company with his trainer, W. G. East. The Cambridge oarsman was sculling very well, and displayed considerable improvement on the form he showed a week or so ago. G. E. B. Kennedy, captain of the Kingston R.C. and amateur champion of the Thames, has been seen on the river, but as he fears another attack of his old complaint, hay fever, he does not anticipate sculling this year, but will probably row in the trial eights on Friday.

The Thames Rowing Club are doing good work, and from all appearances Muttelbury looks like having a powerful combination for the Grand Challenge Cup. So far, the London Rowing Club have not been particularly active.

CYCLING.

The Surrey Bicycle Club have decided to hold their 100-miles scratch race at Herne Hill on June 30.

Next Saturday afternoon the long-talked-of Hospital Sports will be held at Herne Hill. Last year there were two special meetings—one at Herne Hill and the other at Kensal Rise; but the committee have considered it a wise policy to concentrate all their efforts on a single meeting. The Lord Mayor and Corporation have promised to attend next Saturday, and we hope that Londoners will accord a generous support to so deserving an object. The following is the programme—

- 1.—Five-miles "Safety" scratch race for Stanley Challenge Cup and prizes.
- 2.—Three-miles scratch "Tandem safety." Three or more prizes.
- 3.—One-mile "Safety" scratch race for Gamage Challenge Cup and prizes.
- 4.—Half-mile "Safety" scratch race for the 50-Guinea Challenge Cup (to be won three times before becoming the absolute property of any one person). Presented by the Corporation of the City of London. Three prizes also given for this event.
- 5.—100-yards scratch flat.
- 6.—440-yards scratch flat.
- 7.—One-mile scratch flat.
- 8.—Four-miles scratch flat.

OLYMPIAN.

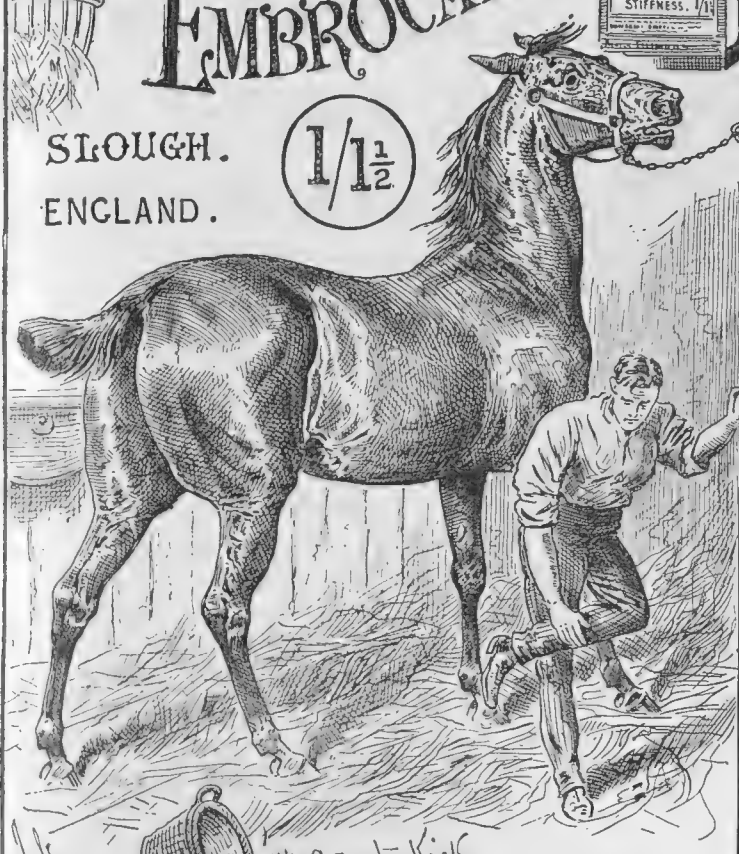
THE WILES OF WILL-MAKERS.

The eccentricities of will-makers are at all times a source of anxiety and perturbation to their affectionate and expectant relatives. But refined ingenuity, as pushed to the verge of genius by the late M. Zalesky in tormenting his survivors, deserves a special canonisation of its own. The property was a very considerable one, and this facetious Pole left his will in quite an orthodox and ordinary-looking envelope, with the legend added "To be opened after my death." It was done, but inside it was discovered another, "To be opened six weeks after my death." This time wore out, and the envelope was duly opened. Another was drawn out, "To be opened a year after my death." This was also attended to piously, but only to find yet another postponement. Zalesky died in March, 1889, but his tantalising delays only admitted of the will being read a month since, while the actual disposal of this protracted property has so set his descendants by the ears that lawsuits and family battles royal are the final outcome of his tricky testament. What a beautiful moral on possibilities of punishment, however, it conveys to the testator with a grievance against his heirs-at-law!

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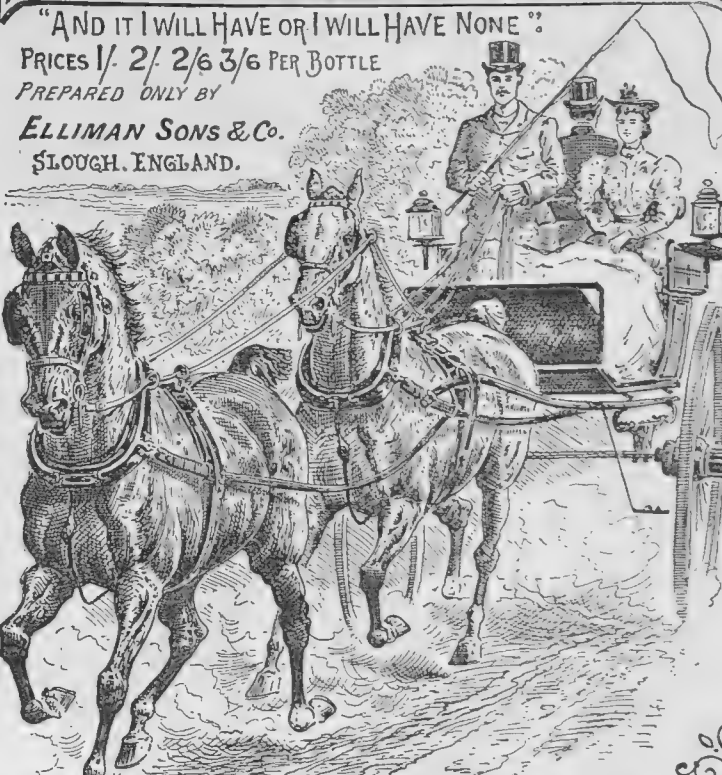
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HIS DIARY, PAGE 53.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. H. L. Humphreys, the clever head of the well-known firm of Hatchards, issues a monthly circular of the best new books, with one or two items of literary news. He has announced two books which, if they are ever published, will undoubtedly be of fascinating interest—Lord Macaulay's *Journal* and Professor Jowett's *Conversations*. As is well known, Sir George Trevelyan made selections from the *Journal* in his excellent biography, but the book was not published in full. Macaulay never wrote anything that was not interesting, and the *Journal*, if published complete, would, no doubt, throw much light on the workings of his mind. Mr. Humphreys seems to suggest that Messrs. Longmans will not be the publishers, but this is an inference of mine, and not directly stated by him. Professor Jowett is said to have been in the habit of writing the conversations which took place in his presence, not, as Boswell did, while they were taking place, but immediately after. If it is true, it would account for a great deal, and the *Conversations*, therefore, would probably require severe editing, and Mr. Humphreys' announcement will make some eminent and candid persons tremble.

One literary man in London—I shall not name him—is said to keep a voluminous diary. He is in the habit of meeting most of the well-known personages of the day, and can listen as well as he can talk, which is saying a great deal. But his diary is not to be issued in his lifetime.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is engaged on his introductions to the new edition of the *Waverley Novels*, to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, but the publication will not be commenced until the larger part of the introductions are in type. Great attention has been paid to the artistic elegance of the get-up, and the volumes will be at once beautiful and inexpensive.

A distinguished novelist said to me the other day that the problem for the critics was, Who is the sixth? He meant that there was general agreement on the names of the first five living novelists, Meredith, Hardy, Barrie, Stevenson, Kipling—these are in the first rank, but who comes next? On this there is no general agreement. Probably as many as twenty might be named with fair claims to the place.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, who has been absent from London for more than two years, is coming back for a short visit.

I learn with pleasure that Mark Twain will not lose so much as was expected by the failure of his firm, Charles Webster and Co. The assets are said to fully cover liabilities, and it is possible that business may be resumed, but there is small encouragement in the whole affair for authors to turn publishers.

The papers of Edgar Allan Poe, which were in the possession of the notorious Griswold, have at last become accessible. They are in the hands of that competent scholar, Professor Woodberry; he will prepare some articles based upon them for a magazine. It will be interesting to see how far Griswold is vindicated, or the reverse, by this find.

The most charming of all the newly-issued books is not really a new one. "The Letters of Edward FitzGerald" (Macmillan) are those that were included in the "Literary Remains." Now they have been extracted, and fill two delightful volumes. We are promised, by-the-by, some more: those written by FitzGerald to Mrs. Kemble are being edited by Mr. Aldis Wright, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Bentley.

He was one of the letter-writers of the world, but not in the De Seigné sense. His letters were informal, personal talks, very unaffected, very genial, casting high clear lights on himself and on the friends he addressed. He was that rarest of men, an Englishman possessing the faculty of being idle, not only with grace, but benefit. He was an Oriental in his delight in passivity from the first, yet Occidental enough to be a little uncomfortable on the point. "For all which idle ease," he says, "I think I must be damned. I begin to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above. One really ought to dip for a little misery." His idleness had richer results than most hurried lives can boast, and none more delightful than these letters. For all the Oriental calm and leisurely meditation they breathe, they should be read, nevertheless, under English trees.

First of all among beautiful books of the month is Mr. F. S. Ellis's version of "Reynard the Fox" (Nutt). The collaboration of Mr. Ellis with the designer, Mr. Crane, with the binders (unrecorded) and printers, (Chiswick Press) is particularly happy. The version describes itself as a "free rendering into verse of the translation made in the days of King Edward the Fourth by William Caxton from the Dutch prose version of the story, with the addition of some particular matters not therein set down, but very needful to be known." There has been no attempt at polish, but there is a rough vigour in the rendering of the picturesque detail and the worldly wisdom stored in the tale—

And whatso man would save his skin
Should buy this book and read therein.

The large and increasing and most useful class of book-buyers, as apart from book readers, who have a way of being impecunious, should note this version of "Reynard." It is goodly to look at, and will remain a treasure. The frontispiece, title-page, and devices are among the best of Mr. Crane's recent work.

Books of blithe verse are not many, and all the better welcome is due to "Allegretto" (Unwin), a book of rhymes wholly cheerful, gracefully frivolous, and written by a lady, Miss Gertrude Hall. It hails from America, and there, perhaps, it is not quite new, as it is dedicated to the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier. The wit is of the Calverley order, with reminders of Mr. Dobson, though Miss Hall is not imitative of anything or anyone in particular. "Rivals" is specially graceful, so is "A New World," a dream, after a surfeit of wisdom, of a world where

The people should be very young, none more
Than three or four.

The sprightly verse has found a capital illustrator in Mr. Oliver Herford.

At last a second edition has been issued of Dr. Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances." Mr. Nutt is the new publisher, and it is issued at a popular price. The interest in Celtic lore and legend being much greater to-day than on its first appearance, it should now come to its due reputation, for it gives better than any of the other collections the poetry of the old romances, as apart from researches about them. It is not a book for fogs at all, but for children, old and young. One would like all Irish, all Gaelic children to know "The Children of Lir" as they know "Jack and the Beanstalk." It is said that little Saxons don't take kindly to Celtic tales, which tax their imaginations unduly. Another story has been added in the new edition, "The Voyage of the Sons of O'Corra."

Those interested in the personalities of the increasing band of Irish writers of the day will find plenty of facts and hopes and prophecies about them in Mr. W. P. Ryan's brochure, "The Irish Literary Revival." Besides homage paid to the principal figures, Mr. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Dr. Sigerson, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and others, it contains an account of earlier, and till now unacknowledged, efforts of a notable movement in Southwark, for instance, which aimed at reviving and maintaining in Irish hearts in London a love for their country's history and romance and songs. It is not a case of dragging obscure nonentities forward, but only the expression of due gratitude to excellent work done for love in obscurity.

"L'Argent" is one of the grimmest of all Zola's pictures of modern society, and even softened as it is in Mr. Vizetelly's excellent version—"Money" (Chatto)—it is terrible enough. Never was the ugliness of the harshest, the most sordid passion in the world so relentlessly emphasised. It is sent out now in its English form with a purpose. Nothing could be more timely, thinks Mr. Vizetelly, than the appearance in England, with its present rotten financial morality, of "this work, which exposes the evils of 'speculation,' which shows the company-promoter on the war-path and the 'guinea-pig' basking at his ease, which demonstrates how the public is fooled and ruined by the brigands of finance." So, good luck to it! Mr. Vizetelly has done his work with much discretion.

The gentle odour of sentiment which hangs about Miss Beatrice Harraden's stories accounts to some extent for their popularity. Everybody likes sentiment. Then even the weak ones have a certain originality in their situations. All the male characters—see "In Varying Moods" (Blackwood)—have a way of finding themselves in unexpected positions and showing, all the better for it, while most of them are particularly kind and comforting in their behaviour and conversation. The murderer, for instance, in "The Umbrella-Maker" makes coffee for the father of his victim in a really most soothing fashion.

It is a little enervating this, however, as the hushed tones and soft lights of a sick-room become after a time; when it is not at its best, as it only is in "At the Green Dragon," it is rather poor stuff. With some robust infusion Miss Harraden might creditably fill one of the many empty places in pleasant fiction.

Persons whose spirits are not melancholy-proof should be warned off the new Pseudonym volume—an excellent one, by-the-by, so far as the writing is concerned. It is called "The Honourable Stanbury and Others," and its author is, or its authors are, Two. If the authorship be double, the Two have collaborated adroitly; their tone is one, and so is their aim, which is to harrow the soul with pictures of the lonely spinster in a hard-pressing world. The other side is not given, so there is little enough to relieve the gloom. True, the Hon. Stanbury made one of them his wife—her circumstances were too desperate to permit her to be fastidious—but too late to save her from rapid consumption.

It is the kind of book to make kindly persons, in this hysterically philanthropic age, get up from their arm-chairs and vow they will do something. But what? The Horatio Lees and the poor Miss Skeets are not easy to do for, with all their worthiness. Miss Skeets is inimitably drawn—the plain old maid, physically starved, but only feeling the hunger in her heart for all things beautiful, who trails damp waterproofs along picture galleries, gazing in all sincerity of emotion at Antinouses and Venuses. In fact, they are all admirably drawn—that's the worst of it. But how could writers of fiction with a moral sense make us so helplessly miserable?

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I present to-day portraits of Messrs. Charles and John Ernest Frail, heads of the well-known firm of officials, established by old John Frail at a time when racing was neither so popular nor so profitable as



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. C. FRAIL.

at present. Next to Messrs. Weatherby, this is the oldest firm of racing officials we have, and highly useful functions are performed by its members at the various meetings under their control. Old John Frail, whose memory is held in reverence by many a racegoer to-day, has been designated the "Father of Clerks of Courses," and it was to his sagacity that the rules of racing owed so much of the common-sense and justice which used to characterise them in days when Newmarket officials did not fear the rivalry of more enterprising executives. Shrewsbury Race Meeting was his chief care, and here he managed to make money, not out of spectators, but out

of owners. He took a great interest in politics, and became Mayor of Shrewsbury. His eldest son, Charles, was educated at a private school with a view to the law, while John Ernest Frail was sent to Shrewsbury School. The latter was born on June 18, 1846, and the former is about eight years his senior.

So little did their father think of racing as a profession, that Charles did go in for the law upon leaving school, took up a practice, and was also for some years borough coroner at Shrewsbury. He is still qualified to practise, though he has followed pursuits of the Turf for over twenty-five years. When Mr. J. E. Frail left school a change had come over their father's opinion. He determined to give the boys a share in the business, and Windsor and Bristol Meetings were started about that time. Windsor prospered, but Bristol did not, and to-day Mr. J. E. Frail lives at Slough, where he keeps his hunters—his hobby is hunting—and manages to invest much time and capital in farming the lands contiguous to Windsor Racecourse. Shrewsbury Meeting was highly popular in the early times referred to, and it is interesting to know that the late founder of the firm was the first person to introduce the present popular system of adding money to a race. This was the Great Shropshire Handicap, to which he gave £500, which attracted about 150 entries. A big field contested: the race was won by General Peel's Cleveland, trained by Joseph Dawson, and the title of owners of race-horses to be considered patrons of the Turf came to a termination.

Shrewsbury suffered much from the effects of the famous riot, for which the ringleaders were sent to prison, and Mr. Frail sold out to a company under the management of Mr. Mainwaring. But it soon came to an end. Messrs. Frail afterwards took the management of Huntingdon and Northampton Race Meetings, but gave up the former after a while and stuck to the latter, the racecourse of which they now

lease from the Corporation at a rental of £580 for four days' racing per annum. The name of Frail is ineradicably associated with the Manchester Meeting, which was a very small affair when the firm undertook the duties of Clerks of the Course; but the institution of large stakes, the encouragement given to owners to send their horses to New Barns—where, at the present time, they are furnished with stabling and forage free of cost to themselves—had the desired effect, and to-day the venture is stated to be the most profitable of any enterprise in the vicinity of Cottonopolis.

Robbery on the way to the racecourse is becoming too much of a joke. I heard of a well-known racing reporter of forty years' standing who had £25 extracted from an inner pocket the other day, while standing in the crowd at a certain railway-station. Strange to say, he told his tale of woe to a well-known racecourse official, who actually went one better. He told how he was standing in a crowd, and a thief, or thieves, actually extracted his silken purse from his pocket, helped themselves to the gold, about £10 or £12, and then actually replaced the purse!

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Egg-taking on
the Cliffs.*

An interesting description of egg-taking on Flamborough Head, which I notice in the *Field*, reminds me of a somewhat similar experience of my own some little time ago in the Isle of Wight. At a certain point, where the cliff is, if I remember correctly, 712 ft. high and quite perpendicular, a pair of peregrine falcons have nested from "time immemorial," or thereabout. Every year the eyesses were taken from the nest, or else one of the old birds would be trapped for hawking purposes. The trap used was an ordinary toothed trap, the teeth padded with cloth so as not to hurt the victim. I went over one morning with a hawking friend to see the men at work. A trap had been set all night near the nest, and just as we arrived one of the two men was preparing to go down. A crowbar being driven into the chalk at a few yards' distance from the edge, a turn of the rope was taken round it, and one man paid out the rope while his companion, his leg through a loop, disappeared over the brink and down. We could see him from a point where the cliff took a turn, and a remarkable sight it was, for the nest was, perhaps, 100 ft. down. In the trap was an old gull. Putting this bird in his pocket, the man ascended again in safety.

*A Ticklish
Undertaking.*

All this while the peregrines kept flying round and round, screaming and agitated. Every now and then they would settle upon the tip-top of a narrow pinnacle of flinty chalk just about the size and height of Cleopatra's Needle, which hung out over the sea. There was nothing for it but to set the trap on this. Now, can you just imagine it? First, it was necessary to climb down this cliff to the base of the needle, and then to ascend. The man did it. He had no rope to help him. He lay on his back at the edge; he slipped gradually over, and dropped somehow between the needle and the cliff. Then up the needle he swarmed and set his trap on the top. But the top of the pinnacle was clean and hard; so down again he came, filled his cap with some loose chalk from the base of the needle, and, with his cap between his teeth, ascended once more and finished thoroughly the setting of his trap, and quite successfully, for in that trap he took a splendid old haggard, which he sold away down in the west. It was a wonderful performance, I thought. I used to see that fellow afterwards in dreams. I have often been told since, "Oh, there's really nothing in it. Given a good head, there is no more reason why you shouldn't do it easily. Blondin is probably just as safe on his rope as he would be on the pavement." To all of which I answer, "Gammon! That is not saying enough by a long way; for you slip on the pavement from time to time, only you don't descend 712 ft. in the process!"

*The Widow
Consolated.*

Well, now, in connection with this I will relate an interesting fact. The bird taken was a male—the tiercel. Two days later the widowed falcon had again paired. Again the trap was set, and this time the falcon was taken, when, lo! and behold, in a few days' time the surviving bird, the tiercel, found another mate. Now, I am well aware that many similar cases are known to falconers (though, usually, it is only the falcon who re-mates), but their frequency does not make them any less curious. When one considers how comparatively uncommon the peregrine falcon is, that at this time of the year all the pairs would be made up, so to say, it really does afford food for speculation as to where and how the new mate is found. The widowed bird, no doubt, flies off to search in other lands; but where? And how is the betrothal effected with such rapidity? It is well known that if one of a pair of rooks and crows be killed the survivor will be mated again on the morrow. But, then, rooks are so abundant that one can well imagine that there is always a pretty good choice of detached bachelors and spinsters. It is quite otherwise with the birds of prey—non-gregarious, and each requiring a wide tract of country for its existence. Here is a curious subject, and worth working out.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



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NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The Whitsuntide novelties have certainly been numerous; that quality was in direct proportion to quantity is not so clear. "A Society Butterfly" was, of course, a very bad start. The play is, perhaps, the worst of Mr. Buchanan's modern efforts, and the acting did not atone for the piece. Even the dresses of Mrs. Langtry, though of technical excellence, were not very pretty, and they failed to set off her beauty; moreover, her "make-up" was too low for the footlights. In actual playing she fell decidedly below the by no means humble standard set up by her former work. The one real interest in the affair was purely for



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"A SOCIETY BUTTERFLY" IN REHBARSAL.

the benefit of the persistent playgoers and readers, who found amusement in tracking the sources from which the authors have taken their situations, and in one case even a speech.

It was curious that on the same evening two versions of "Les Deux Orphelines" should have been produced, and that in neither case are there ascribed to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. M. Blanchard de la Bretesche acknowledges no debt at all in respect of "Jean Mayeux," while the Adelphi programme of "The Two Orphans" ignores the names of MM. D'Ennery and Cormon. "Jean Mayeux" interested and amused me considerably. I have a great liking for dumb-show plays, since they have at least the merit of not being dull in dialogue. One is able to sit and supply speeches for the characters that are far more witty and entertaining than, as a rule, those which reach the dignity of manuscript. I must admit that some authors write finer dialogue than I can imagine, but, as a rule, I sit and in simple vanity am entertained by the good things that I put into the mouths of the characters. As a matter of fact, however, the dialogue is actually written out for a mimo-drama, and such a paradoxical thing exists as the book of the words of a wordless play.

"Jean Mayeux" has other merits than my imaginary dialogue. The simple story is thoroughly dramatic at times, and the incidents and *milieu* are curious and entertaining. The scene in the ball-room of the Gigolettes—the word is slang for young ladies whose character is below suspicion—though somewhat toned down for British use, revives strange memories in me, while to those who do not know the Surrey side of the Seine the pictures of low Parisian life must be very interesting. There is in it a fight—a curious combination of what is supposed to be *la bore anglaise*, of wrestling, and of *la savate*—which was so gravely done and comically ineffective that it caused shouts of laughter. Moreover, the garden party in the last act gave a quaint sketch of French manners that

must have seemed absurdly false to all without actual knowledge. As a wicked old dram-loving woman, Madame Desiré gave one of the ablest pieces of dumb-show acting that London has seen. M. Jordanis was strongly characteristic as her ruffianly son, and his silent drinking song was very funny. M. E. Vallot—the Jean Mayeux—played with some force, but much exaggeration.

The Adelphi audiences ought to be provided with lachrymatories, for "The Two Orphans" causes tears to flow almost by the quart. Little wonder is it, for when a brilliant artist like Miss Marion Terry represents an ill-treated blind girl her demands for tears are irresistible. Of course, I should like to see her talents employed more worthily, without, however, imagining that they could be used to greater effect. The play certainly holds its own manfully. Age has not impaired it, which is probably due to the fact that for success reliance is placed, not upon mechanical effects or mere stage devices, but upon simple human nature, considered, however, from a melodramatic standpoint. So long as melodrama is to live—and it will outlast my day—it is a good thing to have works of such ability as "The Two Orphans," which certainly is a masterpiece in its way, and well earns its enthusiastic reception.

Many of the company besides Miss Marion Terry deserve praise. There is Mr. Charles Cartwright, the Pierre, who once more shows that on his own ground he can hold his own against any of our actors. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as Henriette, certainly mounted another rung of the ladder of fame. Miss Alma Stanley made a "hit," and Mr. Herbert Flemming used his sound artistic method with great effect, while I could name several others who did lesser things very well.

Some of the criticisms on the performance of Duse as Cyprienne, the heroine of "Divorçons," are curious. They begin by declaring that in the earlier parts of the play she lifts it to the level of comedy, they accept Sardou's protests that it is not, nor was ever meant to be, a farce, and then get into a difficulty about the last act, which is grossly farcical and farcically gross. To me this last act, as well as much in the earlier parts of the play, are convincing that the authors really wrote "Divorçons" simply for laughter. Consequently, much as I admire Duse's efforts to carry out her concept, I do not regard the actual performance as a success. I fail to see why even an actress of genius should use her gifts in trying to make silk purses out of sow's ears—in trying to elevate pieces. There are so many noble plays already in existence that we rarely or never see that it is better to present them than make a desperate effort by distortion to purify a work which, like "Divorçons," is absolutely and wilfully indecent.

Nevertheless, one must be grateful for what is, and admit that the execution of Duse is nowhere more marvellous than in "Divorçons." As a study of jealousy her work is superb, and the quiet comic effects that she makes are fascinating. The force that she gives to the speeches comparing her ideal of a husband before marriage with the sad reality is astounding. You may protest all the time that she is not representing Cyprienne, that Chaumont's is the true view, and yet sit contented and delighted by her work. No actress brings home more wonderfully to one the actual force of genius. The company is good all round. Signor Rosaspina makes a capital Des Prunelles, and, in fact, shows that light comedy really is his line. Signor Napoleone Masi is comic as Adhemar, Signora Cristina is a pretty, pleasing Josépha, and others do excellent work.

In the part of Armand in the revival of "The Two Orphans" at the Adelphi, a *début* in the West End, as regards evening performances, has been made by Mr. Ernest Leicester. For some seasons past Mr. Leicester, an actor of some power, intelligence, and versatility, has been playing "lead" at Mr. George Conquest's house in Blackfriars Road, the Surrey Theatre. His predecessor in that by no means unenviable position was Mr. Clarence Hague, now a very useful member of Mr. Irving's company at the Lyceum; and a third of Mr. Conquest's young men to migrate latterly from the Surrey side to the Strand was Mr. Philip Cuninghame, a scion of the Boosey family. The Surrey has, indeed, long been known as a stepping-stone to higher things, and in this respect differs from another large and quite as popular outlying theatre, the members of the stock company of which generally remain fixtures for a term of years. MONOCLE.

"BALACLAVA," AT THE PAVILION.

In "Balaclava," the latest military sketch, British bulldogism, blood, and bombs—in fact, almost all that begins with B—are combined most artistically by artist, librettist, and actors to rouse the audience to unbounded enthusiasm. In the opening scene, Mr. Charles Godfrey, as an old pensioner, with several veteran comrades, celebrates the Twenty-fifth of October by patriotic toasts and by Mr. Wal Pink's song telling of the heroism of Joe Blake. The next two scenes are represented as the old soldier's dream—the first a fine painting of the Crimean plain by Mr. W. T. Helmsley, from a tent on which Lancer Godfrey emerges, and sings, or, rather acts, most spiritedly the story of the glorious mistake. The last scene is a splendidly mounted and realistic tableau of the charge, the thrilling effectiveness of which is heightened by red fire, roaring cannon, and a galloping obbligate by the band. Finally, Mr. Godfrey, with stains of red ochre on his brow, appears in front, and receives enthusiastic applause for his fine acting. The photograph of the spectacle on page 171 of this issue is very realistic.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

"A BUTTERFLY OF FASHION'S" DRESSES.

When Mrs. Langtry is the "Butterfly," and when Worth provides the wings, or, more strictly speaking, the gowns, it goes almost without saying that the said wings or gowns will be of special interest to nine out of every ten women, let the merits or demerits of the play in which they are worn be what they may; so let it be my task this week to initiate you into the mysteries of the elaborately beautiful toilettes in which Mrs. Langtry made her appearance in the new piece at the Opéra Comique. In the first act, then, as she has not yet developed into the woman of fashion and the society beauty, she wears a simple gown of white bengaline, with a perfectly plain skirt, the draped bodice having a turned-down collar bordered with lace, and a tiny vest of white chiffon, with bretelles of plaid silk in red, white, and blue. This same plaid forms a deep-shaped waistband at the back, fastened down the centre with

and the classical draperies are exchanged for the latest Parisian confection, in the shape of a ball dress of rose-pink satin, the skirt, which is made very full at the back, but plain in front, being covered almost to the knees with great round silver sequins, and veiled with pink net, which is arranged in silver-studded cascades at each side, while at the left side of the skirt there is a trail of enormous pink roses, with their attendant leaves and buds, a much smaller spray, adorning the right side. The low bodice is bordered with folds of net, and has for trimming a spray of full-blown pink roses, reaching from the right shoulder to the waist, where they are caught into a deep belt, entirely covered with silver sequins, one great rose, however, escaping this glittering bondage, and falling below the waist in a gracefully careless way. A superb tiara of diamonds and an equally superb necklet of the same flashing stones complete the toilette. Mrs. Langtry's last dress, of ivory-white satin and fine old lace, is simple, and, at the same time, very lovely, but the cloak which she wears over it makes up for



MISS BRINSLEY SHERIDAN IN ACT III.



MRS. LANGTRY IN ACT II.



MRS. LANGTRY IN ACT III.

round silver buttons, and continued into long sash ends. Effective in a way it certainly is; but I must confess to having no great liking for this gown, especially in conjunction with a hat of green straw, trimmed with green tulle and mauve and white stock, while at each side two black roses rest against Mrs. Langtry's beautiful hair, just above the ears.

In the second act, however, her dress would command admiration even from the most unobservant masculine beholder. It is a truly wonderful robe of Pompadour brocade, the white ground being adorned by alternate broad and narrow stripes of shimmering silver, and wavy ribbon lines and true-lovers' knots in blue, catching up festoons of yellow roses. It is bordered at the sides with broad blue moiré ribbon, arranged in points, and is worn over a bodice and petticoat of white accordion-pleated chiffon, veiling tea-rose yellow silk, the bodice being almost covered with draperies of filmy yellowish lace, puffings and frillings of which also finish the elbow-sleeves of the chiffon. The collar-band is of yellow moiré antique, and the fulness is caught in at the waist by a butterfly-shaped bow of the same richly-hued fabric, fastened by a large diamond buckle, the long ends falling to the feet. The back of the gown is arranged in three great pleats, which stand out in a way which is not to be accounted for even by the richness of the fabric, and which points conclusively to the fact that Mrs. Langtry—or, rather, Worth—has not disdained the use of some form of stiffening nearly related, be it said with bated breath, to the old-fashioned bustle. In Mrs. Langtry's third costume this detail is omitted, for the simple reason that, when rehearsing the part of Aphrodite, she wears a closely-clinging Greek dress of white crêpe de Chine, with a deep border of gold, the waistband being of massive gold, curiously engraved. You get a sight of this costume again in Act III., and then extremes meet,

this simplicity by its own magnificence. It is of turquoise-blue satin, brocaded with delicate pink roses, the lining matching the flowers in tint. The collar is of écreu lace, and the effectively contrasting revers of leaf-green satin, almost covered with gold embroidery, make a perfect finish to a lovely garment.

So much for Mrs. Langtry's gowns; and now some words of praise are due to the lovely dresses worn by Miss E. Brinsley Sheridan, who fills the rôle of the fascinating American widow, Mrs. Courtlandt Parke. Her first dress is eminently becoming to her dark, piquant beauty, consisting, as it does, of pale pink moiré antique, with broad satin stripes, the full front and Watteau back being of accordion-pleated chiffon of the same delicate hue, the puffed elbow-sleeves of satin being finished with deep frills of the same soft fabric. There is a sort of over-bodice of silk cord passementerie, studded with tiny pearls and gold and crystal beads, the side basques being of the same passementerie, with a deep fringe of the pearls and beads. Her next dress, which is worn in Act III., is of forget-me-not, blue satin, brocaded with a scroll design, composed entirely of closely-clustered yellow cowslips. The slightly-trained skirt is perfectly plain, and the bodice has a berthe and V-shaped vest of handsome lace, bordered with a band of gold sequins. The waist is outlined by a band of the same sequins, which form a deep-fringed tab at each side; while the charmingly pretty sleeves, which consist of an upstanding frill or epaulette of brocade, are thickly sewn with gold sequins, a rain of gold beads falling over the arms. In Act IV. Miss Sheridan's evening dress is the simplest, but by no means the least effective, of her three gowns. It is of buttercup-yellow satin, the slightly-trained skirt bordered with a puffing of the same material, and the bodice having a berthe and shoulder capes of old lace.

[Continued on page 213.]

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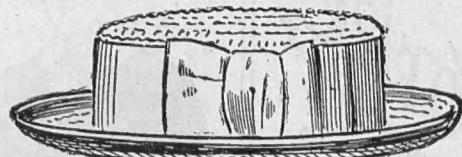
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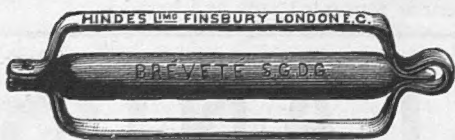
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Miss Rose Leclercq, as the sport-loving Duchess of Newhaven, has some very handsome costumes, but only in the first act do her sporting tastes proclaim themselves in her attire. Her dress, then, consists of a skirt and coat of pale tan covert-coating of perfect cut, and a particularly charming shirt of blue and white striped satin, fastened with natty little gold studs in the shape of horse-shoes, the whole costume having the magic name of Redfern writ large upon it in unmistakable characters. Redfern has also built Miss Leclercq's second gown, which has a plain skirt and open-fronted coat of electric-blue cloth, the latter having revers of velvet in a somewhat darker shade. The vest is of very handsome white and silver brocade, fastened with silver buttons, and with a jabot of lovely old point lace, and the hat, of pale tan straw, is trimmed with black velvet, point lace, and black ostrich tips. In Act III. Miss Leclercq wears a really superb costume of black Lyons velvet, the skirt adorned with two side panels of yellowish point lace appliqué. The bodice has a deep collar of the same costly lace, fastened in front with a large bow of black chiffon, across which is twisted some turquoise-blue velvet ribbon, in which nestles a bunch of tiny pink roses. That touch of cleverly contrasted colour revealed the secret and proclaimed the Maison Jay as the birthplace of this gown, where Miss Leclercq's last gown, by-the-way, also first saw the light. This dress is of silver-grey satin, brocaded with a graceful design of rushes and leaves, the bodice being outlined with folds of soft-grey chiffon, which, combined with the mellow-tinted lace which forms the berthe, is carried down each side at the back, and caught in at the waist by jet cabochons, the long ends falling gracefully in sash fashion far down the skirt. Sundry rosettes of cherry-coloured velvet, placed with consummate art on the corsage and the puffed elbow-sleeves, give just the requisite touch of colour to a charming gown. Certainly, these particular butterflies of fashion are well provided with gorgeous apparel. It only remains for us to profit by the numberless good ideas contained therein, and utilise them to the best advantage when thinking out our next new gowns.

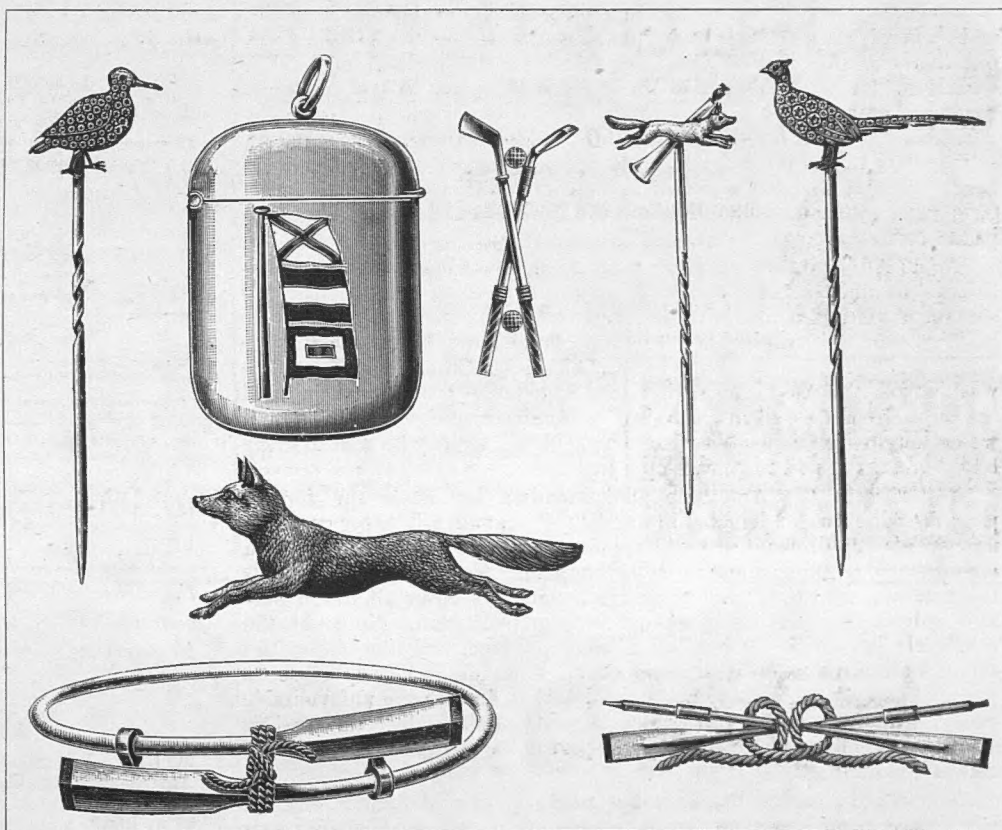
NOVEL DESIGNS IN JEWELLERY.

Something which is novel and original, and, withal, distinctly pretty, is bound to appeal to everyone, let it take what form it will; so the sketches which I have got for you this week of some genuine novelties in the way of jewellery will be their own recommendation, and will hardly need any praise from me to bring them under your favourable notice. Still, I cannot resist saying a few words on the subject, for it is such a fascinating one; so let me start in due course by informing you that all these pretty things are the production of the Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C. They have evidently realised the fact that Hymen is likely to be the presiding deity of the next month, and have, therefore, prepared all manner of glittering things of beauty to be laid upon his shrine, the variety being so enormous that I have to confess myself beaten and retire from the task of giving you any adequate idea of them, referring you, as my excuse, to the magnificently-got-up catalogue, containing 3000 illustrations, which will be sent to you free for the asking. With that as your guide, your path is a very straight and direct one; but, apart from the enormous stock of diamond jewellery, I want just to draw your special attention to the novelties illustrated, for, as I said before, they will appeal to everyone; and let me add the delightful information that, like all the Association's productions, they are wonderfully moderate in price; so we can all meet weddings, birthdays, and other present-demanding occasions with equanimity, and I almost think some of us will be tempted to give ourselves a present.

First, then, out of the nautical jewellery, the gold bracelet in the shape of oars, fastened together with gold rope, is only £3 15s.; while the dainty little gold brooch—two crossed sculls, connected by gracefully-curved gold cord—is wonderful value for thirty shillings: what say you? Then, what could be a more acceptable present for a member of the sterner sex who is fond of the sea and everything connected with it than the silver matchbox, adorned with various flags, beautifully enamelled in correct colours, the arrangement of which conveys different meanings, which would be a useful one when Leap Year comes round again, being "Will you take me in tow?" The price of this novelty is only twenty-five shillings, so, you see, it would not be at all an expensive present. Then, in the way of sporting scarf-pins, any man would appreciate the miniature diamond presentment of a snipe or a woodcock—only four guineas each; while the gold fox and hunting horn pin at 17s. 6d. is specially worthy of notice. The fox brooch, excellently designed and carried out, would look well on a smart habit or tailor-made gown, and here, too, moderation in price is an additional recommendation, for in gold it is only five and in diamonds fifteen guineas. The other illustration shows one of the prettiest brooches in the selection of golf jewellery, of which, in view of the increasing popularity of the game, the Association of Diamond Merchants are making a special show.

It consists of two golf sticks and balls, carried out in gold and platinum, and bearing the price of 17s. 6d.

As to all the other novelties which are so well worthy of mention, I must go back first to the nautical jewellery and tell you of a particularly pretty brooch, consisting of a small gold anchor surrounded by coils of gold rope, which is only thirty shillings; of other brooches formed of enamelled flags, one arrangement of three forming the significant sentence "In tow"; of scarf-pins, in the shape of oars and anchors and flags, and still another brooch in the shape of a life-buoy and flags (two guineas), while another at £1 15s. is in a particularly graceful design of gold oars set with lovely pearls and entwined with gold cord. As to the gold and gem sporting scarf-pins, imagine every kind of game and all manner of combinations of horns and whips; and then you will find many others to surprise and please you, the same remark applying to the sporting brooches, where diamond hares and foxes disport themselves on gold crops at five guineas, or all in gold at £2 10s., and where some excellent gold fox-head safety-pin brooches are only one pound. As to the golf-lovers, they will infallibly make all haste to invest in the emblems of their favourite pastime, which take the form of gold sticks and balls and flags, arranged in all manner of original ways; a brooch of two golf sticks, for instance, with a pearl ball, being only thirty shillings, while a gold golf-ball scarf-pin at 15s. 6d. is likely to meet with special favour. As for all the other designs, are they not illustrated and described at length in the before-mentioned catalogue? A few lines on a postcard will bring you one by return, and, even if you do not want to buy anything



at present, you will find it useful when you do, and at all times it is an interesting production. One word, in conclusion, to the newly-engaged man. The Association of Diamond Merchants have just brought out a new engagement brooch and bracelet under the title of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." The brooch consists of a key bearing a heart, surmounted by a true-lovers' knot, and a padlock, and carried out in the best gold, the price being only twenty-five shillings. The bracelet also bears the heart and padlock, a tiny key to fit the latter being attached by a fine gold chain. For £3 10s. or £1 15s. you can possess yourself of one of these bracelets, and rest assured your *fiancée* will be charmed with it—take a woman's word for it.

A WONDERFUL FABRIC.

I have always had the greatest respect and admiration for the famous material known by the name of "Louis" velveteen, and sold at the delightfully low price of two shillings a yard, for by its means those of us who have to make the best of a small dress allowance can secure an effect every whit as good as if we had expended untold gold on the richest Genoa silk velvet. My admiration, however, was considerably increased when I looked over the new season's shade card, and noted the exquisite tones and colours in which the "Louis" velveteen is produced, the greens ranging from the tender eau-de-Nil to the softest and deepest olive, the russet browns and golden yellows, the rich plum colours, the delicate turquoise-blues—every colour and shade, in fact, that anyone could think of or wish for. Oh, the delightful capes and tea-gowns and garments of one kind or another that could be fashioned out of this always becoming fabric, which, now that rich and handsome materials are the order of the day, is more in demand than ever! And think how economical it is, too, for the original cost of "Louis" velveteen is very small.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 19, 1894.

You have done no harm by your little Whitsuntide holiday, for, unless you had been a "bear" of American Rails and South American securities, you would have lost money.

Money remains a drug in the market, and the reserve of the Bank of England keeps piling up, so that we may fairly reckon on great ease in rates for the next few months. Consols and other investment stocks, except rupee paper, continue firm, and are at even a higher level than the returns they give justify; but as every attempt to restore confidence seems doomed to failure just now, and the amount of available money seeking employment grows larger day by day, we anticipate an increase rather than a falling off in the demand for the highest class of securities.

Home Rails have not been gay, and the chief interest has centred in the Scotch stocks, which have fluctuated upon varying reports as to the chances of trouble with the coal-miners. Satisfactory traffics, showing, as many people believe, a steady improvement in trade, have bettered the prospects of the heavy lines, of which we still prefer North-Easterns. There has been considerable dealing in Great Northern Deferred, but, dear Sir, we do not recommend them for your money.

Shipments of gold, heavy decreases in gross traffics, labour troubles, and general stoppage of trade pending the settlement of the tariff question have all had a disastrous effect on the position of Yankee securities, for in these times the "bears" do not forget to make the most of any stick wherewith to beat their enemies. Until the Senate make or mend the Tariff Bill, and something like certainty is introduced into the United States import market, we cannot expect improvement. The difficulties of the various reorganisation plans seem to increase rather than diminish, and the troubles of the Erie position are in the forefront.

As to Atchison, we strongly urge upon you to support the bondholders' committee in London by a prompt deposit of your bonds. All sorts of unkind rumours have been in circulation as to the Louisville position, and we are inclined to think there must be a screw loose somewhere, for there can hardly be so much smoke without some fire. The weakness of the American market has been more pronounced in Wall Street than on this side, which is a very unhealthy sign, and, although we do not advise you to part with your holdings, it may be well to delay buying until the position clears up a little.

The rise in the Argentine gold premium has made the further progress which we anticipated in our last letter, and the paper currency now stands at a discount of well over 300 per cent. People in Argentina are said to be frightened and to be buying gold. No one here understands the true cause of the upward movement, which has upset all the favourable calculations that lately seemed so near realisation. No doubt, the extremely low price of wheat and other produce, and the difficulties arising therefrom, to say nothing of all kinds of evil rumours as to political complications, have had a good deal to do with the unfavourable currency position. We still prefer to advise holders to stick to their stocks, especially as there is every prospect of an early settlement of the railway guarantees.

The rise in things Brazilian has not been carried further, but the stocks are firm, and you need not be under any fear about your Uruguays, which, unless we get a regular panic, will recover again. Mexican 6 per cent. bonds are cheap, as are the 3 per cent. Internals. The interest on this latter security is paid in silver, and we feel confident that the republic will keep absolute faith with its silver creditors, whatever may happen as to its gold obligations.

As a holder of Argentine Great Western Railway 5 per cent. and 4½ debentures, we urge you, dear Sir, to send your proxy to Messrs. Morgan and Co., who are above suspicion, and in whose hands the negotiations for a settlement are quite safe. It is a case in which "give and take" is the only possible policy, and, for our part, we would far rather entrust our interests to a firm of high standing than stand out for impossible terms, which certain people are sure to urge in the heat of public debate. Delicate negotiations cannot be conducted by public meetings, and you must trust somebody.

The long looked-for report of Olympia has at last seen the light, and the golden dreams in which wild "bulls" indulged have received a severe shock. The concern is genuine enough, but it is clear now that the financial paper which, in the interests of a clique, published such glowing accounts of the probable profits was made use of for market purposes.

You have not, of course, dear Sir, been induced by the Jarvis-Conklin people to fall in with the absurd reconstruction scheme. We repeat our advice to you about sticking to the security you have got, and we remind you that no amount of so-called assets will make this preposterous reconstruction binding upon those who do not agree, unless Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams is first satisfied about the equity of its provisions, a thing almost impossible so far as the present plan goes.

When the Laguanas Nitrate Syndicate shares are subdivided (as they will be) we may expect very active dealings in them; meanwhile, the output of these new grounds will increase the Nitrate Railway traffics. If you desire a 12 per cent. investment, we can highly recommend the shares of this railway, which are, in our judgment, the very best high interest paying security in the market.

The Chartered Company's shares have been on the upward grade again during the last few days, and we feel sure the proper course is to buy on any substantial fall and sell on a good rise. Oceanas have been in the dumps. You know we have always warned you against this company and its offshoots, and the more we see of the management the less we like it.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

No prospectuses have reached us, but many schemes are merely awaiting a favourable chance of appealing to the public for funds. Among others we may mention the Italian Alcohol Monopoly Company and two Manchester breweries, of which we shall have something to say in due course.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In consequence of numerous applications, we have made arrangements for Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to answer through the medium of our columns such questions on investment and other financial matters as our readers may address to the City Editor of this paper.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Thursday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention. No brokers can be recommended, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless the above rules are observed, it will be impossible to carry out the wishes of the numerous readers at whose desire this new departure has been undertaken, and we trust, therefore, that correspondents will aid us by observing the rules we have laid down in the general interest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L. B.—We should not advise the preference shares of any of the reconstructed Australian banks—at least, for the present—and the one you name was by no means the soundest of the institutions which closed their doors. There is, as far as we know, no price for the shares, nor have we heard of any dealings. Buy the debentures of the Trustees Corporation at 101 with your money, and you will get 103 when you are paid off, in the course of a few months, besides 4½ interest.

JOE.—Why not buy 6 per cent. debentures of the United States Brewing Company, or the shares of Ely Brothers, Limited? The Union Bank of Australia shares are a good investment, but, as to their reaching the old high level, that must be a matter of years. You need have no doubt about the soundness of the concern.

D. H. M.—Put the matter in the hands of a respectable City solicitor at once, or you will lose your money and your shares. Of course, the procedure you tell us about is not according to the rules of the London Stock Exchange. Do not delay in following our advice.

C. E. P.—It is a matter of opinion. We should advise you to cut your loss at once and pay no more.

VALE.—We think well of all the shares you mention as speculative investments. The last two in your list are sound concerns, beyond all question.

TRANBY.—We could not answer your letter last week, for which we apologise. You have been a victim of the touting outside broker. Possibly you could get redress, but the matter is one on which you want legal advice, not financial. Lay all the letters, telegrams, and contracts before a respectable solicitor, and be guided by what he tells you.

SCOTTIE.—The man who ran the firm you mention went bankrupt about a year ago, unless our memory deceives us. Tell your solicitor to have the matter looked up at the London Bankruptcy Court. It is very doubtful if you will ever get your money. If you like to write to us again, we will put your Scotch solicitor into communication with the firm who act for us, and who know a good bit about the people you mention.

CHESHIRE.—We do not like the look of Salt Union shares, and advise you to cut your loss.

W. A. R.—See our remarks under "Notes from the Exchange" as to the best thing for the bondholders of this railway to do.

LADY.—Have nothing to do with the Investment Agency whose circular you send us. Get your bankers to introduce you to their brokers.

SAMBO.—Cut your loss on Eastmans. Hold Gordon Hotels. Sell the mining shares for what you can get. Industrial Trust debentures are safe enough.

MINOR.—We cannot advise on such a fine point of company law: it is a legal question, not a financial one. The industrial concern stands well, and you may safely hold the preference shares.